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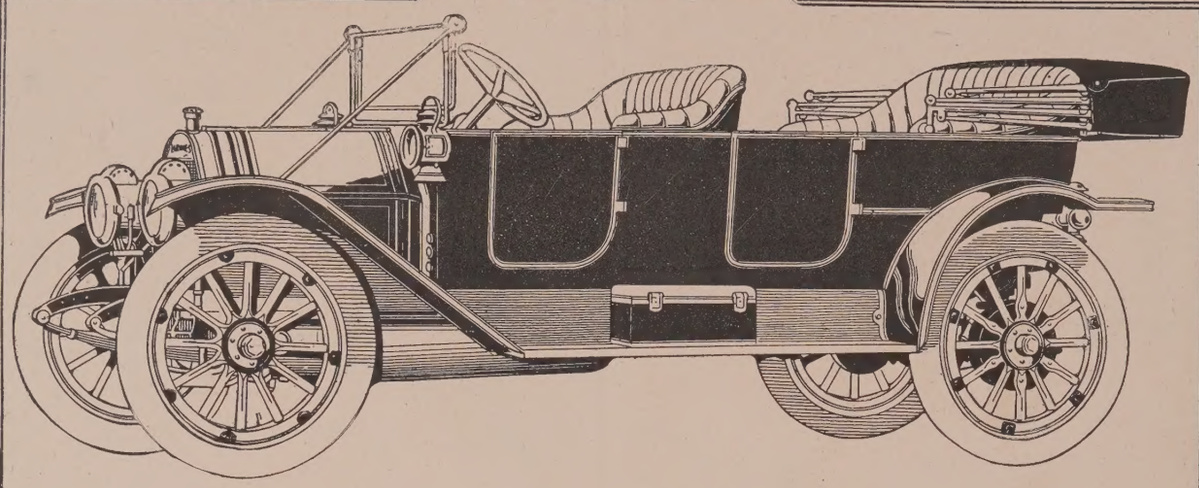

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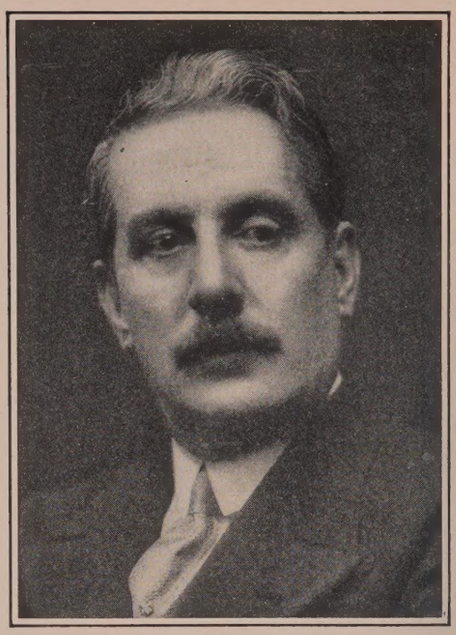

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XV MAY, 1912 NO. 135

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

CHARLES HAWTREY, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH COMEDIAN NOW APPEARING AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN CHARLES H. BROOKFIELD'S COMEDY, "DEAR OLD CHARLIE"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

HUDSON THEATRE. "The Right to Be Happy." Play in three acts by H. Kellett Chambers. Produced on March 26 with the following cast:

Audrey Van Roof	Grace Morrissey
Alfred Van Roof	George Le Guere
Janet Van Roof	Dorothy Donnelly
Mrs. Van Roof	Louise Galloway
Parker	Arthur T. Hendon
James Moorehouse	Edmund Breese
John Forrester	Leslie Faber

The main theme in this piece is a big one, and the principal female rôle, a social spy in the interests of a commercial trust, offers novel and dramatic opportunities. It is a pity that the author, Mr. H. Kellett Chambers, was not better qualified to handle the opportunities his ingenious brain had devised, for his new play is an uneven piece of craftsmanship. It has moments of big theatric content and episodes of naive inaptitude.

Janet Van Roof is the scion of a decayed Knickerbocker family. To save her embezzling brother from the consequences of his speculations, she enters the employ of James Morehouse of the Rubber Trust, spies out the weaknesses of his business rivals through her social opportunities, and incidentally becomes his mistress. But when she is called upon to unearth John Forrester's secret—he has invented a process that will revolutionize the rubber industry—she falters, as he has intrusted his formula to her keeping, and she has learned to love him. Morehouse's intemperate wife dies, but too busy to tell Janet, he finds himself rejected when he makes his belated proposal for a speedy marriage. Suspecting her love for Forrester, and blocked in his business plans, he insults her in his presence by publishing their relations. But Forrester, who is an idealist, says she is an angel in his eyes, and, as the brother is now thoroughly protected, we are led to believe that Forrester and Janet will eventually be married.

A younger sister, the boy and the selfishly devoted mother are neatly drawn characters, real and human, but Forrester is a conventionally drawn type, of ineffable goodness and altruism, while Janet and Morehouse are contradictory characterizations that defy reason and the probabilities. It would hardly seem necessary that Janet should have fallen under Morehouse's influence, unless she loved him, and that, too, for some hidden attraction in the magnate's character, for at no time does he reveal himself as other than a single, uncouth, masterly man of affairs. Her point of view is equally untenable from either experience or logic, and with these weaknesses in the protagonists the dominant and sympathetic interest falters and repels. As Morehouse, Edmund Breese plays with rugged and dramatic force, while Dorothy Donnelly acts the heroine with a thorough command of external theatrical aids, and a competent and intelligent expression of its psychological necessities. Mother, son and daughter, are capably played by Louise Galloway, Grace Morrissey and George Le Guere, while the subjective Forrester is enacted with refinement and taste by Leslie Faber.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "The Flower of the Palace of Han." Drama in five acts, adapted from the Chinese by Louis Laloy and Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced March 19th, with the following cast:

Tchao-Kiun	Edith Wynne Matthison
Mao	Reginald Barlow
A Painter	A. M. Botsford
The Emperor Yuen-ti	Frank Reicher
A Soldier	Albert Easdale
Kahn of the Tartars	Wilfrid North
Councillor of the Right	Wilfrid North
Councillor of the Left	Arthur Barry

Popular opinion resents the appraisal of anything that is old. The older the thing is the more universal is the veneration. But critics are usually self-appointed and self-invited, and make a business of going where angels fear to tread. Even a play dating back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, that receives its first American performance within the month, does not inspire them with dread. Tchao-Kiun is a little Chinese girl, who has been carried away by the Minister of State, as an addition to the harem of the Emperor. Mao, the Minister, hopes to sell this flower of the palace to some one who will pay him a larger price. He has his secretary paint a picture of the girl, which grossly misrepresents her. After seeing this portrait the Emperor has no curiosity concerning her, but one day, while walking in the garden, he comes into her pavilion and finds her. He falls in love with her, and she with him. The Emperor orders the death of the deceitful Minister. But Mao escapes beyond the kingdom into the land of the Tartars. The Kahn of the Tartars has him taken prisoner. In hope of saving his life,

Otto Sarony Co.

EMMY WEHLEN
Now appearing in "A Winsome Widow," at the Moulin Rouge

Mao shows the portrait of Tchao-Kiun, which so impresses the Kahn that he declares war upon the Emperor to possess her. Mao is executed by the Tartars.

Rather than give up the woman he loves, the Emperor renounces his people, his throne, his ancestors and his gods, but Tchao-Kiun refuses to let him sacrifice so much. She will go to the Tartar chief. While crossing into the Kahn's territory with the messengers he has sent for her, she throws herself into a river and is drowned. The Emperor gains strength by the thought of her sacrifice, and makes a vow to rule his kingdom with wisdom and justice.

Probably all this has been very much modernized in its translation from Chinese into French, and from French into English. At any rate, it is very curious to see some familiar melodramatic tricks in this play that has survived after so many centuries. Conspirators plot, and villains do their dirty work, in robes of silk. It is a very simple story in a way, and practically carries itself. That is probably the secret of its survival. It would not stand a great deal of questioning, because there are many improbabilities and undeniably dull moments. It would take very little insight to discover its weaknesses; but all in all, it is not uninteresting. It is a curiosity that is intelligently acted by capable people.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison was quite effective as the flower of the palace, and her touch of affectation at times may be forgiven in consideration of the material with which she had to work. Reginald Barlow, as the Minister of State, was very wicked, and carried off the honors of the piece by dying a deliciously violent death. Frank Reicher is no Chinese Emperor. He tried very hard to think that he didn't see the flaws of the piece, and did probably more than many another actor would under the same circumstances. Wilfrid North, as the Kahn, looked magnificent, but he jumbled his words.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE TERRIBLE MEEK." Play in one act by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced on March 19th with this cast:

An Army Captain.....Sidney Valentine A Soldier.....Reginald Barlow
A Peasant Woman..Edith W. Matthison

One had to be good-natured to forgive "The Flower of the Palace of Han," but "The Terrible Meek" was an imposition. It is about as stupid an offering as has been presented of late years by a professional company. When Charles Rann Kennedy wrote "The Servant in the House," he evidenced his belief that the success of the play was due to its religious teachings. The success of that play was due to its sensationalism, and it was more sensational than anything ever presented in the theatres of the East Side. Mr. Kennedy must have realized this element in his success, for while he makes "The Terrible Meek" deal with religious platitudes, he makes his scene revolting to every clean mind, and his finish a shock to an audience, who can scarcely comprehend the audacity of any man in handling a subject so sacred. He takes an unfair advantage of his audience by withholding information to create suspense. It is a device that has been abused more than any other upon the stage. In this case, it is carried to such an extreme that the audience cares little about what the withheld information is.

Out of the darkness comes the voice of a woman sobbing as if her heart will break; a man's voice tries to comfort her, but she repulses him, telling him that he has the "smell of death upon him." It may be a bedroom, or a police court, almost anything but what it is. Our imagination can run as to the identity of the characters. Facts are not established.

When, after a long period, a little patch of moonlight shows us a robed figure seated near a post, and a woman prostrated at the foot of that post, it is with repugnance that we gather that we are at the foot of a gallows upon which a man is hung; we can almost see him dangling in the breeze, while his mother below treats us to such beautiful descriptions of dripping blood, and of the mangled breast, that we feel, more than anything else, like going home to forget it. We presently discover that the robed figure is a captain; this

Otto Sarony Co. BLANCHE RING
Now appearing at George M. Cohan's Theatre in "The Wall Street Girl"

information from a sentry who comes with a lantern, that for some mysterious reason fails to give any light to speak of. A little color is given by a Cockney accent upon the sentry's part. Who are these soldiers? What country do they represent? In what conflict are they engaged? Those facts are not established to the end of the piece. The Captain is conscience-stricken, because it was his order that caused this woman's son to be hung. The only thing that prevents him from converting the sentry to his way of thinking, is that killing is the sentry's business; and the sentry, if under orders, would "shoot God Almighty 'imself if 'e come out of 'eaven."

It would be to no purpose to describe any more of this rubbish; suffice it to say that the Captain begs the mother's forgiveness, receives it, and goes to his death for refusing to obey his General, who has sent him orders, by the sentry, to do some more killing. A transformation now takes place, and for the first time we definitely see who these people are; while the supposed gallows, now seen in entirety, is Christ upon the cross. Two other crosses hold the traditional thieves. The Captain is a Roman soldier; the mother a poor peasant woman, plainly the Virgin Mary, and the sentry a soldier of a nondescript type. We have come to know Charles Rann Kennedy as a man of sincere and deeply religious feeling; but this work, which can be judged only for itself, verges close on the blasphemous. As it stands, it is distinctly stupid, and with about every fault that a play could have, filled with tiresome repetition, preachments and unestablished facts. The underlying idea could be presented in dramatic form; but given so that its entire significance is clear, it would be swept from the stage by popular indignation. It is one of a large class of plays called impossible. For the information of the curious, it may be said that the title comes from the relentless power of those who are dead and gone, to move conscience and to sway destiny.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison did all she could as the poor peasant mother. Mr. Sidney Valentine was entirely sincere as the Captain, while Mr. Reginald Barlow carried off the honors of this piece as he did the other one, in his characterization of the sentry. "The Terrible Meek" really applies to the audience.

FRAULEIN GRETE WEISENTHAL
Viennese interpretive dancer now making her American début at the Winter Garden, this city

---

MOULIN ROUGE. "A WINSOME WIDOW." Comedy in three acts, founded on "A Trip to Chinatown," by Charles H. Hoyt; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced April 11 with the following cast:

Mrs. Gadder.....Fawn Conway	Mrs. Duer.....Natalie Dagwell
Mrs. Noyes.....Katherine Smythe	Mrs. Guyer.....Emmy Wehlen
Mrs. Howell.....Lottie Vernon	Willie Grow.....Kathleen Clifford
Mrs. Flippant.....Marie Baxter	Welland Strong.....Harry Conor
Flirt.....Ethel Kelley	Noah.....Frank Tinney
Slavin.....Harry Kelly	Bryton Early.....Sidney Jarvis
Rashleigh Gay.....Charles J. Ross	Rosie, Jenny.....Dolly Twins
Wilder Daly.....Charles King	Le Petite Daffy.....Mae West
Ben Gay.....Leon Errol	M. McGinnis.....Jack Clifford
Tony.....Ida Adams	Mlle. Bridgite.....Irene Weston
Isabel.....Elizabeth Brice	Proprietor of Cliff House....C. Mitchell

Under the producing management of Florenz Ziegfield, the New York Theatre is now known as the Moulin Rouge. Its first piece is a musical comedy entitled "A Winsome Widow," which for its story has as basis Charles Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," one of his most successful and characteristic satirical comedies, written in the fulness of his genius and of his command of effective incidents and details. The play itself is, as is natural in the circumstances, not sustained in its original compactness, but the rare spirit of Hoyt is there. Harry Conor, the original Welland Strong, is there, too, with his appliances to test the state of his health at any moment, seeking pleasure in defiance of the admonitions of science. The Hoyt play has a right to the new music and dancing that has come up in the very latest moments of the dance of the world after pleasure. There are novelties introduced that the old piece knew nothing of. The new thing, something used for the very first time as a part of a play on any stage, was the ice palace, in which, on a surface of ice, the entire company in carnival dress and on steel runners held revelry. Miss Kathleen Pope and George Kirner gave a wonderful exhibition of fancy skating, making rhythmical evolutions and accomplishing all the effects of dancing with an ease and grace that seemed to add something new to the art of skating as well as to that of dancing. The curtain having been lowered on the preceding scene in order to employ the time required for the setting of the new one, Mr. Frank Tinney, who had already ingratiated himself with us as the waiter, with a black face, held the audience highly entertained while he hurried matters up by frequent consultations at the wings as to the progress of the work behind the curtain. That the entertainment is better than most of its kind is largely due to the spirit of Hoyt, but Mr. Ziegfield has shown remarkable judgment in the choice of his people as well as considerable refinement in the means employed for the sensual, and not indelicate, gratification of the senses appealed to in comic opera. Miss Emmy Wehlen, as the widow, lacking a little in the warmth that is perhaps required in the professional stage widow, is yet pleasant to look upon, and sings so well that the absence of professional amative aggressiveness is atoned for. The opera has the one defect of superabundance. Notable in any cast would have been Charles Ross, Harry Kelley, Charles King, Leon Erroll, Katherine Brice, May West and the Dolly Twins, in addition to those already mentioned. The dances and songs are of unusual quality, the transformations in costume ingenious and in good taste, while the permutations of the idea of the widow, reflected by the chorus, as in a glass, make an insistence on the supposed enticements of that particular that seems to indicate that, on the stage at least, all widows are invincible, wise, beautiful, and in every way delectable, and for stage purposes inexhaustible.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "THE FATHER." Play in three acts by August Strindberg. Produced April 9 with the following cast:

A Captain of Cavalry....Warner Oland	The Pastor.....Harry Dodd
Laura.....Rosalind Ivan	The Nurse.....Louise Dempsey
Bertha.....Helen Pullman	Nöjd.....Frederic Burt
Dr. Ostermark.....Robt. Kegerreis	The Orderley.....Joseph Boardman, Jr.

Which came first, the hen or the egg? This riddle, propounded long before Strindberg ever thought of writing plays, has been decided so many times one way

(*Continued on page xiv*)

Matzene

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ILLINGTON, NOW APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST IN CHARLES KENYON'S DRAMA, "KINDLING"

A Chat with Margaret Illington

MARGARET ILLINGTON has achieved almost the impossible.

In three respects has this young woman, brimming with vitality and of tremendous dynamic power, overlaid with marvelous dramatic control, done what I have known no one else to do. She retired from the stage a strong and promising young actress. In three years she returned to it with such accumulation of new power, with dramatic perceptions so developed, that a seer among managers went back to pay his respects, and, grasping both her hands, said to her: "I never praised you before, for I never cared greatly for your work. Now I say to you that you are the hope of the tragic stage in America!"

She has forced American play-goers to swallow a tremendous moral lesson with their amusement in "Kindling," Charles Kenyon's drama of a young wife in the slums who stole for her unborn child, and whose husband took upon himself the blame.

A band of nineteen writers, representing many complexions of thought, seeing that a gem-like play and a brilliant player were being overlooked by New York theatre-goers, athirst for new sensations and disregarding a most potent sensation at their doorsteps, organized for propaganda of play and player. The organization was effected too late, for the play's stay of three weeks at old Daly's, of classic dramatic memories in New York, was nearing the end, but the writers wrote and circularized and petitioned to such good effect that before she had been in that city a week it was declared, "Chicago has gone Illington crazy," and her success in that city and in her subsequent Pacific Coast tour was enormous. At the time the organization took form not one of the writers knew Miss Illington. Latterly she was the grateful guest at several meetings of her loyal disciples, who named themselves "The Kindling Association."

It was late in the afternoon. The damp dusk had for an hour been pierced by street lamps. In some New York homes fashionable women were finishing their beauty naps. In others they had begun dressing for dinner. But Margaret Illington, with an exacting performance an hour and a half away, and another of the day before still taking its toll of her strength, was as fresh and glowing as a rose in a June dawn. Two women callers were gurgling happily with their hostess over a dwarf Christmas

tree, sent from her country home in Washington. She was sniffing the fragrant bit of evergreen delightedly and laughing at the childishly gaudy tinsel with which it had been decorated before it was sent on its journey to the East. When the callers had made their adieux, the actress sat beside me on the divan in a corner of the cosy drawing-room of her hotel suite. She is a chummy young person, wholly natural, and it seemed quite in the ordinary course of events that she should be rattling happily on about former times and friends in common, her hand on my knee, her face radiant as a happy schoolgirl's, until the entrance of her husband restored us to the exigencies of the moment.

"Dearest," she said to the broad-shouldered, fair-haired man with a kindly face and quiet manner, who came in with a vigorous stride, the dampness but none of the murk of the evening clinging to him, "I've been talking about friendly things, and we haven't got to the interview yet. This is my husband," she said, her hand on his shoulder. "Don't you think he's a dear, look?" She regarded him admiringly, the expression of a lasting bridehood in her eyes.

Photo James & Bushnell

VIRGINIA PEARSON
Leading woman for Robert Hilliard in Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was"

We sat down again and, with Mr. E. J. Bowes and myself conscious of the moments galloping on toward the hour for the performance, the talk grew graver. The smiling woman with the happy eyes, in her lace frock with its sky-blue silk tunic, looked like the fortunate sister of the unfortunate Maggie Schultze of "Kindling." I told her this and she said: "Maggie is a simple creature. But, then—so am I."

"But that frock," I objected, surveying its frost-like beauty with the two eyes, appreciation and envy with which women look at clothes lovelier than their own.

"That is for you," she stoutly maintained. "If I were sitting here with my husband I should be wearing a simple gown."

"Then you didn't find Maggie's big shoes and coarse skirt and ill-fitting coat hateful?"

"Not at all. I only thought of the poor girl's agony of soul, not of her outward trappings. It was the inner, not the outward, Maggie that concerned me."

"You didn't mind looking plain?" I asked, much surprised.

"Not a bit," she answered, as if clothes were of no consequence.

"A woman's vanity—" I began in a kind of apologetic way.

"This woman hasn't any." Mr. Bowes looked with manly approval at his sumptuously handsome wife.

"No, I haven't. I wish I had," she replied. "I really think it is better for a woman to have considerable vanity. It helps her over the hard places of life."

"You make Maggie look like the original of one of the Dutch masterpieces," I reflected. "One of Rubens' women, is it?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I hark back to the Pennsylvania stock, those plain, sturdy people who live around Lebanon, where the famous bretzels are made. Light is my family name, and there are ever so many Lights about Lebanon. My grandfather was a preacher in that neighborhood of the United Brethren Church, a rather local organization. That was on my mother's side. On my father's I had a clerical grandfather. He built the High Street Baptist Church in Cincinnati."

"Oratory and the drama are near allied," we ventured.

"I believe they are," she assented, "and so is writing. The writer on human topics has a great deal in common with the actress. He or she must get down, too, to the vital things of life."

Miss Illington shook her sleek, dark head, poised so attractively on a remarkably full, round throat, at the suggestion of the always interesting and often baffling subject of heredity.

"I don't know," she said. "It would be a fascinating theme if it were not so puzzling. It won't always work out as mathematics do. Whether the presence of preachers in the family accounts for the acting gift I don't know. But I believe that the tremendous feeling that enables one to understand and portray a primitive nature I owe to my dear, dead father. There was a rare sympathy between my father and me, more than existed between mother and myself, though no one has a better mother than I. But father and I saw things alike and understood each other. Most of the joy of life is being understood.

"Once he was very ill, and I hurried back to Bloomington, Ill.,

Hall RUTH MAYCLIFFE
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre

White EMILY ANN WELLMAN
Playing the rôle of Letty in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty

White VIVIAN MARTIN
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre

to see him, I feared, for the last time. But when I was taken to his sick room I grasped his dear hands and called, 'Father, come back, I need you!' He did come back, and when he was strong enough to talk he said, 'I heard you calling me. It seemed from a long distance, and I tried to come to you.' I did need him terribly, and in the long illness when my reason was despaired of he took me home. He stayed with me until he saw me happy in my own home. Then I think he felt that his work was done and he left us.

"Dear father! He taught me to be honest with myself. And that honesty clears our vision of strong, simple natures like Maggie Schultz. She was a woman who had a single idea, her home. She loved the child that was coming to her out of the darkness, because it was Heinie's child. Her affection was a terrible thing, that swept aside such slight consideration as ownership of ribbons and jewels. I never thought of her as a local type, but as a universal one. I never saw the wives of the slaughter-house employees in Chicago, big, strong, dumb, pathetic women that I have heard and read about, of course, but I looked down into my own heart to study Maggie. I studied her principally while I was taking long walks. I walk a great deal and do my deepest thinking then. But Eddie helped me in a thousand ways. For instance, I have a long talk with you to-day; I absorb ideas and impressions from you. I do not know it at the time, but next week, or month, or six months from now, they come back to me, and my work takes on some new color or tint from them. But one very definite thing he did was to teach me the vernacular of persons of Maggie's order."

"A real estate man knocks about a great deal and knows all sorts of people." Mr. Bowes took up the thread of conversation. "And I knew how the people who lived around the Barbary Coast talked. Mrs. Bowes' diction is the purest. Henry Miller said it was not English English, nor American English, but real English. She had to be taught vernacular, but in all matters pertaining to the actual drama her instinct is unerring."

"How did you discover 'Kindling'?"

"You tell her, Eddie. My husband discovered it."

"We were touring in a French play that wasn't satisfactory." Mr. Bowes looked pleasantly reminiscent. "A man who had seen our play asked me if I had heard of a play about a young mother who stole ribbons for the baby that was coming, and whose husband went to jail in her place. I told him I hadn't, but the idea fired my imagination. He told me it was written by a young newspaper man named Kenyon. I remembered that I had done some real estate business for his father. I began telephoning him, and finally got him. The play in its rough draft was sent me by messenger, and I received it as we were taking a train at Oakland. I read it on the train. It had been expanded from a twenty-minute one-act play, 'The Greatest of These.' The melodrama was softened; for instance, we cut out the swinging of the axe on the cradle and cutting it to pieces. We sent for a well-known producer and asked his criticisms and directions during rehearsals. We were all willing to learn, my wife most of all, but when he had gone we drifted back into the production as my wife first directed it, and it was in that way you have seen it."

Photo Holmes & Bishop
MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES
Daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage. Her first American appearance was made in "Lydia Gilmore"

We talked of "The Thief," the young American actress' year of the Bernstein play in New York, as against the less than three weeks later played by Mme. Simone, the French woman who was in the eye of the author's mind when he wrote it.

"I saw Mme. Simone's performance and liked it," said the original American "Thief." "Granted her conception of it, it was a flawless portrayal. Mme. Simone thought

(*Continued on page xiii*)

SCENE IN ACT I OF MASSENET'S OPERA, "MANON," AT THE METROPOLITAN

Close of the Opera Season

THE big official padlock has been hung at the front door of the Metropolitan Opera House, the song-birds have flown in the directions of the four winds: some home to rest, others to Europe and South America to pick up some more coin of the respective realms. In a word, the opera season of 1911-12 is over. Instead of dawdling to its close, as has been the custom with almost every opera season since time began, the present season has gone to its end with a spurt. Surely no Metropolitan subscriber may complain of lack of novelty and interest this year. During these final four weeks there have been the première of "Mona," the revival of "Manon," and the Metropolitan début of an American singer, Mme. Charles-Cahier.

First to "Mona." As knows all the world that runs and reads, "Mona" was the American opera that won the ten-thousand-dollar prize in competition offered by the directors of the Metropolitan. The libretto is by Brian Hooker, the music by Horatio W. Parker, professor of music at Yale. Both are Americans, but the story of the opera is placed in Southwestern Britain, the end of the first century and during the Roman occupation. It deals with the love of Quintus for Mona. He is the son of the Roman Governor by an English woman, and is known to the natives as Gwynn; she is a princess of Britain. The natives are rising in revolt against Roman rule, and Mona believes herself chosen as their leader—a sort of Druid Joan of Arc. Quintus follows her into the strife and saves her life, but she is so fanatic in her devotion to the cause of the people that she all but delivers him over to them as a traitor. He pleads unavailingly with her not to wage battle, but the fight begins and the Britains are routed and many killed. Quintus again pleads with her for peace, tells her he is the son of the Governor; and she, first believing him a traitor, now thinks him a liar, and kills him. The Romans arrive, she finds that all Quintus has told her is the truth, and she is led away captive.

This skeleton of the story is enough to show that the tale has poetic merit, and the lines themselves have literary value. But—the merit and the value are for the library more than for the opera house. There are few thrilling grand opera moments, and the climaxes are not worked up with dramatic skill.

Gerlach

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MANON

As for Parker's music, it is scholarly, well conceived, well orchestrated and—lacking in inspiration. It reeks of the midnight oil, and is miles away from the glare of footlights. The orchestral introduction is by far the best, for it really fills the listener with hope for the cause of American opera. But the promises thus expressed in music do not materialize in the opera itself. The latter grows very tedious; its themes do not grip; its lyric portions do not charm. Such big mass writing, as the chorus at the end of the second act, is effective, as is also the march of the Roman soldiers. But Professor Parker has come a cropper in the same way that so many other composers have fallen who do not know their opera house, namely, his recitatives are uninteresting and suggest the oratorio platform far more than the grand opera stage.

"Mona" was sung in English. But it was with difficulty that the audience understood much of the text, although the cast was composed entirely of Americans, with one exception, namely, Reiss. And

it was just Reiss' diction that was clearest of all.

The production was excellent. The three scenes were built by Paquerau, of Paris; the costumes were handsome, and no end of labor had been devoted to rehearsing. Homer was admirable in the title rôle, Martin sang Quintus less happily, for the music seemed not to lie right for him; Griswold was excellent as the Roman Governor; Reiss was capital as a changeling, and Witherspoon did some excellent character acting in the rôle of a brusque Briton. Hertz conducted the score with all possible pains, and let escape no opportunities to make this opera as successful as possible.

The première, first performance on any stage, occurred Thursday evening, March 14th. Composer and librettist were called before the curtain many times, as were conductor and singers, and the auditorium was crowded to its capacity. So the cause of American opera, sung in English, was started toward its goal or fate with full acclaim. Here is a complete cast of the première:

Mona, Louise Homer; Enya, Rita Fornia; Arth, Herbert Witherspoon; Gloom, William Hinshaw; Nial, Albert Reiss; Caradoc, Lambert Murphy; the Roman Governor of Britain, Putnam Griswold; Quintus, Riccardo Martin; an Old Man, Basil Ruysdael.

Next in importance was the revival of Massenet's "Manon," heard for the first time in two years. It is safe to say that never has a Metropolitan audience heard so interesting a presentation of the familiar French work. Toscanini conducted it, and he turned some of this appealing, though saccharine, music into sounds of dramatic climaxes; he loosed all the lyric sweetness of the work, and he made it appear less fragmentary. This little man of the baton is a wizard, be the opera French, Italian or German.

And it was finely sung, Caruso, as Des Grieux, singing with beauty of tone as seldom heard here, even from this golden throat. Geraldine Farrar was extraordinarily fine in the title part, and Gilly was a satisfying Lescaut. The big public responded to this revival most liberally, and it proved one of the most satisfying performances of the season.

Now to the American contralto, Mme. Charles-Cahier, who sang but twice. She is a native of Tennessee, has sung in opera in Nice and Vienna, and made her New York opera début as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." She fell below Metropolitan standards, although she is an intelligent artist, and her acting is dramatic and temperamental. The voice has a tremolo that mars it, and its volume seemed insufficient for this big house. Her full, upper tones were strident, but the singing of mezzo voce passages was quite pleasing. But she lacks a certain, convincing greatness so necessary for the Metropolitan.

Then there was the season's first "Die Meistersinger," which was a joy to hear. Destinn was a wonderful Eva, Weil sang Sachs very well, though he was hardly jovial enough in its conception. Goritz' Beckmesser was again a marvel of humor, and Jörn was a lyric Walther. Toscanini made the work sing and sparkle with life and melody.

MADAME CHARLES-CAHIER

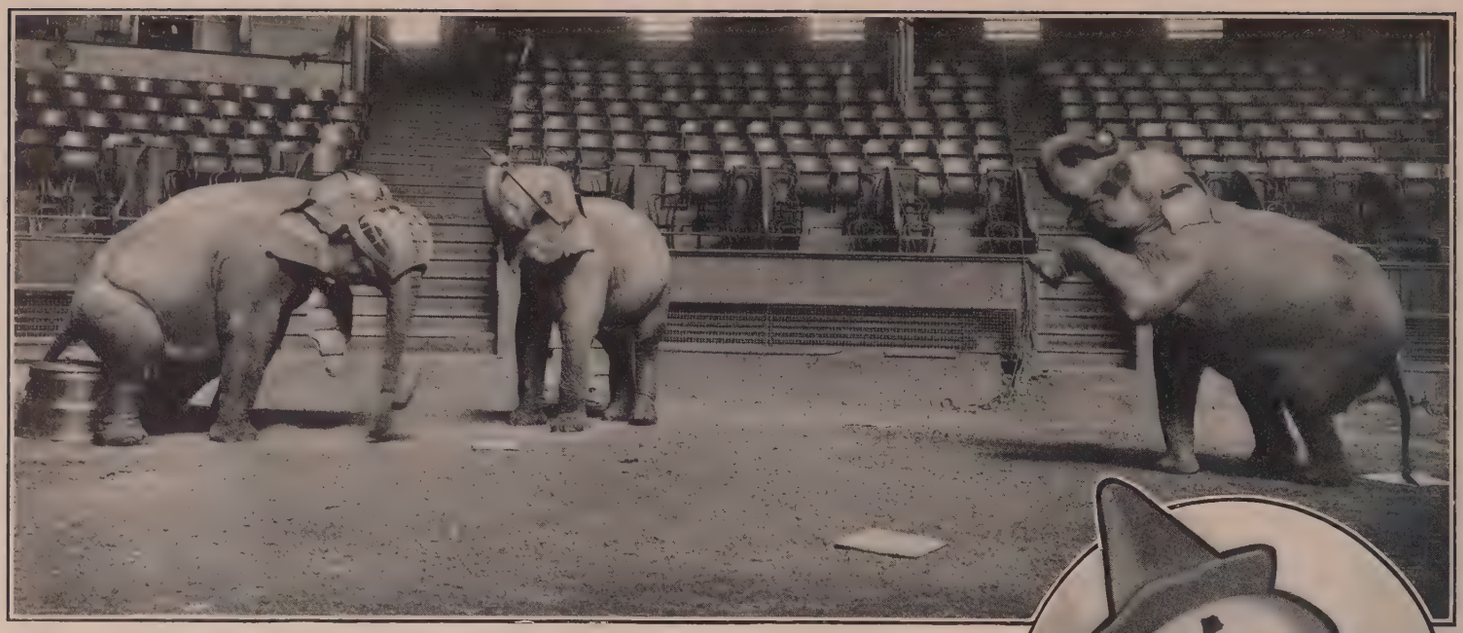
American contralto who made her New York opera début at the Metropolitan recently

The Philadelphia-Chicago Company concluded their series of performances by repeating their success, "The Jewels of the Madonna," and also giving the season's only "Thaïs," with Mary Garden again in the title rôle, Renaud, as Athanael, and Dalmores, as Nicias. Campanini conducted, and the opera was well received, although the performance itself was scarcely up to the standards of the artists who appeared in it.

So much for the opera season—the most artistic and successful ever given at the Metropolitan.

As for concerts, there has been an unusually interesting list of offerings. The most important

(*Continued on page xii*)



TEACHING THE ELEPHANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

REHEARSING The Greatest Show on Earth—"the grandest and biggest, most lavish, stupendous amusement of unbelievable magnitude, whose triumphs reach the four corners of the earth; with its many new and amazing features never before seen anywhere in the world, etc., etc." in the flamboyant language of the press agent—is no small job. Finding the South Pole is not nearly so great a task as raising the centre pole and bringing order out of chaos in the conglomeration that is carried about in the train of red wagons. With the circus every day is moving day, with its attendant manifold details and hustle and bustle of the circus man to put his house in order.

And its wonders are not so much in the show the audience sees, strange though this may be, as in the working details that lie hidden just beyond the public's view. It is given to no layman and to but few circus people to realize the scope of a circus organization. No other human institution is so generally known and so little understood. And no other thing so vast in dimensions springs so quickly into existence in a community or is so slow of growth. Contrary to popular notion about its being put up by the rub of a lamp, it is built slowly and with the greatest conceivable care.

All winter the trainers have been busy teaching the elephants and the other animal performers new tricks, and rehearsing them in the old ones. To teach an elephant to dance a hornpipe, to play a barrel-organ, to play baseball, to beat a drum, to play upon a brass trombone, and, the hardest task of all, to make him stand on his front feet, while his rear extremities point in the direction of ten o'clock, are achievements which require patient hours, and many of them; and these are given ungrudgingly by the trainers during the long winter months while the circus is at rest—and what is called "rest" with a circus is really a continuation under different circumstances of the "strenuous life" of the showman.

With the first signs of spring comes the flapping of the circus tent. After a winter of training at Bridgeport, Barnum and Bailey's Show comes to New York for its annual opening at the Madison Square Garden—this year for the last time, much to be regretted, since commercialism, in downing civic pride, has doomed the Garden, which for many years has been the scene of gala circus first nights. Here the real rehearsals begin. First, as *en tour*, the "lot" is "layed out." That is, the location of the rings and the course of the track are made with tape lines. Then a gang of circus laborers are set to work spading up the track, levelling it, and in dumping and spreading the tanbark. The tanbark, however, is not put on until the day before the opening, because of the mess occasioned by the carpenters and others at work on the building of the show. Simultaneously with the road builders the circus structural workers begin to hang the rigging, and then the aerial apparatus—trapezes and other mid-air "props," stretch nets, etc.—these under the direction of the people who are going to use them. As soon as this work is done, the performers test their aerial apparatus, with

MAY WIRTH, AUSTRALIAN BARE-BACK RIDER, ON HER CREAM STALLION

Scenes in H. Kellett Chambers' Play "The Right to be Happy"

Photos White

Edmund Breese Dorothy Donnelly
Act I. "I want to have that paper"

Dorothy Donnelly Leslie Faber
Act. II. "I knew that I could trust you"

Dorothy Donnelly Edmund Breese Leslie Faber
Act III. "She was mine. You can have her now"

its bewildering wires and ropes, to make sure that everything is all right and safe. In the meantime the three rings are being made, stages built, the menagerie and side-shows laid out, and already the track rehearsals have begun with chariot and other races.

To the visitor looking on, hemmed in by a tangle of ropes and other appurtenances of the show which litter the arena, it is all a hopeless looking jumble. How a smooth, orderly, finished performance could ever be brought out of it seems a question unanswerable. To add to the topsy-turviness of things, this year at the far end of the Garden some three hundred men were hammering and pounding away on the building of a mammoth double stage for the grand new spectacle "Cleopatra," which, for the first time in the history of the circus, does away with the time-honored, old-fashioned tournament or pageant — the grand parade that always opened each performance of the circus.

Standing to one side, with hat pushed back on his head, is Alf T. Ringling, the Circus King, directing a thousand and one details connected with the circus. Over in the first ring is "Bud" Gorman, the equestrian director, who, in a theatre, would be the stage director. Encircling the ring is a fine, large, cream stallion, on whose broad back a captivatingly pretty Australian girl of seventeen years is turning from twenty to thirty somersaults backward and forward. She is May Wirth, who was born in a red wagon of her parents' "wagon show," in far-away Australia. Miss Wirth is the newest circus rider marvel — a star bareback er. Her act and that of "The Great Wirth Family" is one of the crowning features of this year's show.

In the third ring a young woman in street dress sits in a handsome trap, putting a trick *haute école* horse through his paces. At the tap of a whip the beautiful animal kneels down, lies down in the shafts, dances or paws the air, while half a dozen grimy canvasmen plunge in and out of the ring rehearsing their part of the performance, which consists in rolling out the great carpets which cover the tanbark of the rings, and rolling them up again at the sound of a whistle from the boss. The clever horse never notices them as they run in and out under his nose. His work is to stand, or lie, or pose, as his mistress commands, and he attends strictly to business. Other canvasmen in other parts of the arena are busily engaged in rehearsing, also setting up nets under the flying trapeze, and handling a scores of "props" with astonishing and bewildering deftness.

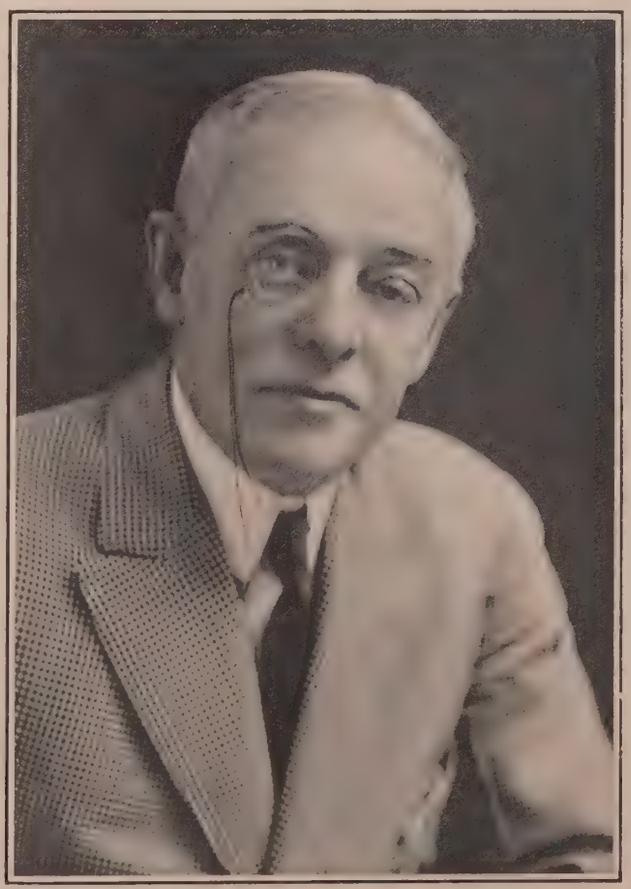
On the stage next to the ring a company of twenty-one Japanese Strong Men are going through their extraordinary gymnastic and balancing stunts, juggling little tots who go up to the top of the tottering poles held by their father, who is all the time looking all about them. To one side of the stage the head of the "family" is carefully examining the poles and ladders used by these acrobatic wizards, and in a corner a human pyramid is in the building by others of the troupe. Above their heads an aerial acrobat of the sensational Siegrist Troupe, after testing the fastenings of his lofty apparatus, dives out into space in a most wonderful wizard-whirling aeroplane way, only to spin high over the three rings and two stages to the opposite side, and there seizes hold of a bar as you hold your breath and clinch your fists.

Another member of this troupe of human aerial torpedos is busily engaged in testing some more apparatus strung high up under the "big top" — for, even Madison Square Garden, to the circus man, is the "big top." In his mouth is a corncob pipe, and his clothing is protected by a pair of white overalls. He climbs around the swinging platform, throws his weight on knots and braces, and smokes as calmly as though he were on the ground thirty feet below, instead of clambering upon an unsteady affair of ropes and bars.

A team of bareback riders hold the next ring—a man and a woman limbering up for the big show. The woman does not have on the fluffy gauze skirts, the gleaming tights, or the rose in her hair, which have from time immemorial been the salient parts of a circus equestrienne's make-up. She wears a bloomer suit of flannel, black stockings and cloth sandals. The great lumbering white horse gallops amiably around the ring while the riders dance upon his broad back, rush at him from convenient angles and spring upon him, stand upon their hands, and otherwise have fun with him. And, standing in the centre of the ring, in a revolving poise, cracking the whip is Ringmaster John Ducander, wearing the largest moustache in captivity.

Miss Wirth having left the first ring, Berzac's Marvelous Mules bound into it, and stubbornly rehearse their stubborn act. All the while "Bud" Gorman is moving around and about the arena with a scenario in his hand assigning entrances and exits, and pulling the acts together. Then a whistle blows, and the track is cleared. An

JANE GROVER
Seen in Chicago recently as the Countess in "The Pink Lady Co."



White

HERBERT AYLING
Well-known character actor at present appearing as Mr. Bicksett in "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Daly's Theatre

instant later eight horses, two abreast, are led out into the arena for the initial rehearsal of the tandem race, with women riders. Quickly, like a zephyr, eight women leap upon the horses' backs, one foot on each, and stand erect awaiting the crack of the whip to start. One of these, a little black-haired child wearing a red shirtwaist, short black skirt reaching above the knees, and felt dancer's slippers, who hardly appears to be over fifteen or sixteen years old, is standing on the back of a pair of blacks that haven't been on the tanbark all winter, and are impatiently digging their hoofs into it in their eagerness to be off. She is little Lucile King. Though littler'n a minute, she has more nerve in her little body than ten men and a couple of lions to boot.

The whip cracks, and the race is on. It is a real race—those circus people may live in the land of "Make Believe," but they do try to win those races. Around the arena they tear, each woman standing erect and lashing her horses like mad. Twice they flash around, and then the child's foot slips. Before she can recover her balance she has fallen between the two rearing steeds, her left leg thrown over the inner horse's neck. The other women, though with fear for the child in their hearts, do not stop—that isn't part of the game! Instead, they lash their horses harder.

With rare presence of mind the child checks up her horses as best she can, and in a jiffy, too, and, drawing herself up, throws her body forward across the off horse's back. Few divine her purpose—but the equestriennes all know. With a great heave she throws her body clear of the horses and on to the tanbark, clutching tightly to the reins and holding on, though dragged along the ground, until the horses come to a stop.

"No, I'm not hurt," she exclaims, "and I'm going to ride 'em, too!"

"Why did you change horses, and fall from the off horse?" she was asked.

"They were turning, and if I'd have fallen from the first they'd have stepped on me that way," she replied, carelessly, as she hastily remounted, the while gritting her teeth in plucky determination. And she did ride them, too—and for three triple stretches!

The track being left clear of flying steeds, out tumble into the arena an army, fifty strong, of clowns that look like anything but their kind, in their sweaters and overalls and without their motley make-up. The first part of the clown's rehearsal consists in pacing off the track and timing their walk. This they always do the first thing when they get under the "big top" for rehearsal. You may not think it, but many of their "acts"—stunts—are worked out with mathematical precision, and they always have to know just how many steps it will be necessary to take this way or that, and how many tumbles and rolls in the tanbark will give the proper "atmosphere" to their tricks.

But, clowns out of motley are not particularly inspiring. They would never be picked out of the big crowd of circus people as the men who light firecrackers under one another, chase a football around the ring, and roll in the sawdust for the delectation of the crowd.

Through the maze of men and horses, performing seals, and a pair of pigs, which a stolid little German is rehearsing in a new act in the centre ring, down by the performer's entrance at the far end of the Garden—pardon, "Big Top"—Mr. Alf T. Ringling, with scenario in his hand, is rehearsing a Roman mob, consisting of an army drafted from Bowery lodging houses, for the opening scene in the new great spectacle, "Cleopatra," on the huge double stage, built to hold 1,250 persons, 650 horses, a ballet of 300, a chorus of 300, 50 electricians, 50 stage hands, and 40 property men! Shades of Reinhardt and "Oedipus Rex"!

Unable to secure a *new* "thriller" for the circus this year, the ever alert Ringling Brothers have started out to outdo Professor Max Reinhardt in the production of a wordless play. Just as "Sumurun" was preceded by a spoken prologue, "Cleopatra" has a spoken "starter-off." And, it is not easy to drill an actor to say his lines so that they will "get over" in the "Big Top," or Madison Square Garden! It took Mr. Ringling (*Continued on page xi*)

Photo Moffett

MARIE DORO

Now appearing at the Empire Theatre as Oliver in "Oliver Twist"

Photo Foley, N. Y.

SANDERSON MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Weelum in New York

KATIE MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Bunty

The Real Story of "Bunty"

ONE of the most astonishing successes of the present theatrical season has been "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scotch play which has been presented continuously at the Comedy Theatre, this city, since October 10, 1911. The total earnings of the play in England and America, up to the present date, amount to $1,162,000. It came to New York with the endorsement of great popularity in London, where, by the way, it is still being presented, but none of our local theatrical wiseacres anticipated any such sensation as awaited the play here. A good-natured satire on Scotch life and manners, the play caught on instantly. Not because Mr. Moffat's comedy is a great piece of theatrical workmanship, because it is not. Not because the players are artists of superlative excellence, for they are not. It owes its success to its wholesome, homely truth and the skillful, natural methods by which the characters are naturalized and made breathing human entities. It is a *genre* picture of Scottish life. While it does not hold the Scotch up to ridicule, its humor is all at the expense of inherent Scotch traits, and its plot reflects little credit upon Scotch sanctimony. If the same umbrage were taken at "Bunty" that the Irish took at "The Play Boy," we might have seen a few riots in the little theatre on Forty-first Street.

GRAHAM MOFFAT
Author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

That "Bunty" is true to life is easily proven, for its author, Graham Moffat, admits that all the characters were taken from life almost intact, and that it is his own mother who was the model for the fascinating Bunty. And when you come to examine the matter carefully, you find that Bunty is in a way a family affair. The following facts in this connection are interesting:

MRS. WILLIAM MOFFAT
The original model for the character of Bunty

Mrs. William Moffat was the model of her son, Graham Moffat, for Bunty; Sanderson Moffat, a brother of Graham, originated the "Weelum" in New York, where he is still playing it at the Comedy Theatre; Graham Moffat, his brother, wrote "Bunty" and played Tammas in the original Haymarket Theatre company; Watson Hume Moffat, a younger brother, originated the rôle of "Weelum" at the Haymarket Theatre, and is still playing there; Katie Moffat, a sister of Sanderson, originated the rôle of Bunty at the Haymarket Theatre and is still playing it there; Sister Nellie, now one of the best-known milliners in all Scotland, is the original of the character Teenie.

The action of this charming little comedy takes place at Lintiehaugh, a few miles from Interleithen, where Mrs. Moffat's father had a big factory, and where she and her children spent all the time they could when not in Glasgow. The actual scene is that of Blane Valley Church, near Graham Moffat's Scottish home in Dumbartonshire.

The real story of "Bunty," how it came to be written, and its faithful picture of a noble woman's bringing up of her children on such slender means that she herself said she had to look on both sides of a penny before she spent it, is here set forth by Sanderson Moffat, the Weelum of the Comedy Theatre "Bunty" company. One of the most interesting phases of the actual story was the forced acceptance by Mrs. Moffat (whose husband was as staunch a Scotch Presbyterian as ever attended the Kirk, and whose training had been most strict and diametrically opposed to the stage) of the theatrical in her life. Though she had always regarded the stage and its associations as the most cunning snares of the devil, all of her children but one are on the stage, and she herself is now a constant theatre-goer.

"Yes," said Sanderson Moffat, or "Sandy," as his friends all call him, "my mother was my brother Graham's model for "Bunty," and though she is 73 years old now, she is as straight as a poker and every bit as much a manager as ever she was. My father was an elocutionist and lecturer, and one of the best-known men in Scotland. We lived in Glasgow in good circumstances until my father died, which was in the year of the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879, when a whole train went through a hole in the bridge and not a soul on it escaped. It was a sensational catastrophe, and is as much a reckoning time with us as the year of the blizzard or the panic with you in this country.

"My father, by the way, had a very narrow escape that night. He was on the very train which went through the bridge, which is the longest in the world, almost three miles long. He got off at the station, just before the train went on the trestle, to talk to a friend, and the train went off without him. It caused my mother

Photo W

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
As Tchao-Kiun in "The Flower of the Palace of Han," at the Little Theatre

Photo Strauss-Peyton

MISS GAIL KANE

Leading woman in Augustus Thomas' new play, "When It Comes Home," now running in Chicago.

a terrible night when she heard of the train going through the bridge, for she expected him on that train. And it was only six months later that he died in his bed, leaving her with a family of small children to bring up on a very meagre income. Graham was eight, Nell six, I was four, Watson two, and Katie a bairn in arms.

"The way she managed to keep us all in clothes and food was wonderful; her resource was infinite and her economy an awesome thing. And she brought us up in the austere atmosphere of the rigorous Scotch fear of God, as interpreted by the Calvinists. The picture shown in the first act of "Bunty" is no exaggeration. It was accounted a terrible sin to whistle, or even laugh, on Sunday. All the shades were drawn, and we were not permitted to look out of the window even, for fear of losing forever our hope of future happiness. Sundays were terrible days to us, I can tell you.

"As soon as we got to be fifteen or sixteen, mother secured positions for us with men who knew father. Graham became a clerk in the office of a liquor merchant; I was placed in the office of a calico printer, and Watson went into a coal master's office. Nell was apprenticed to a man milliner. But apparently none of us were cut out for business except Nell, who now has a millinery establishment in Dundee, and employs thirty-six assistants. It is one of the best known in Scotland. Graham took her for his model of the character of Teenie in the play. My mother lives with her in a beautiful home in Wormit-on-Tay, a fashionable suburb of Dundee.

"Graham stayed in the liquor merchant's office till he was twenty-two, and then some one was promoted to a position he thought he should have had, and he left. My father had trained him carefully in elocution, and he had done much private and church work of this kind while employed in the office. Now he took it up seriously, and took little Katie with him. They gave entertainments before church gatherings and in public halls, and soon Graham began to write sketches which he and Katie played, and he was very successful. Before he wrote 'Bunty' he had produced several plays, the best known of which are 'A Scrape of the Pen,' 'Till the Bells Ring' and 'The Concealed Bed,' the latter of which is coming to this country soon.

"Then he conceived the idea of dramatizing the home life of a humble Scotch family, and he took for his models his own home and his mother as the central character, with the changes necessary to give action and heart interest to the play. I want it clearly understood that Tammas has no prototype in our family, and is not patterned after my father or my mother's father. In the original company which produced 'Bunty' at the Haymarket Theatre, my brother Watson played Weelum, Graham played Tammas, and Katie played Bunty. It has been playing there since last June.

"Watson was a good-looking boy, and had a great love for the theatre; in fact, we sneaked away to the theatre every time we got a chance and a few shillings for a gallery seat. He was late one morning at the coal master's office, and was fired. He made application at once to the manager of a dramatic company, which was playing 'The Lady of the Lake,' and was given a walking-on part and allowed to understudy the rôle of the bridegroom, who grabs the fiery cross from the messenger right after the marriage. This fiery cross was a big, top-heavy thing, and the man who was playing the rôle, and had to catch it when it was thrown at him, had a hard time of it, and missed it several times, so the stage manager said, 'Let this boy try it,' and Watson caught it perfectly, and got the rôle. He made a good bridegroom, for he was not stout as he is now.

"I was already on the stage, and ran away to do it, for it was very distasteful to my mother. She told me that I was a sure mark for the devil, and was on the straight road to perdition. One morning the manager of the calico printing office found a playbook under my ledger. I had been playing parts with an amateur dramatic company, and was familiar with about twenty rôles. The manager picked up the playbook as though it were a viper, and read me a terrible

(*Continued on page viii*)

Yesterday and To-day

By ROBERT GRAU

THE rapidity with which the vocations of actor and manager—once most precarious callings—have grown of late years to be one of the most remunerative of any, is perhaps the most surprising development of the astonishing growth of the theatrical business in this country.

Forty years ago there were not over a half dozen theatre managers in this country who had reached the dignity which comes from the possession of a New York office for the conduct of their business affairs. In those days it was customary for the most important of the providers for the stage to parade the pavement on what was known as "the rialto"—then at Union Square. In their hands they would carry date books; and the most celebrated stars, players and distinguished musicians of the day would congregate here and arrange the business details for their respective tours. This mode of procedure prevailed with little modification until the early '80's, when two young men took it into their heads to operate a booking bureau, which had for its object the systematizing of the theatrical business. These two men were Marc Klaw, who had been the dramatic critic of the Louisville *Commercial,* and Abraham L. Erlanger, who came hither from the box-office of a Cleveland theatre. These two men had purchased the good will and office fixtures from H. S. Taylor, who was the first to conduct a system of theatre booking facilities on East 14th Street.

Previous to the advent of Klaw and Erlanger, the most primitive methods were in vogue. It was the era of the "fly-by-night" manager, many companies being organized practically on "a shoestring," without resources other than an abundance of "nerve." Salaries were paid in dribs and drabs, and tales of stranded Thespians walking home on railroad ties were so common as to occasion no comment. A manager, with more than one company was a *rara avis,* though even in this period the theatrical world had its "Napoleons," these being Jarrett and Palmer, Harry Miner, Brooks and Dickson, J. H. Haverly and Henry E. Abbey; the two last of whom died penniless.

In grand opera conditions were likewise of the most precarious description. The Academy of Music was for almost a generation the scene of turbulence, the sheriff often being an active factor. One impresario, Max Maretzek, was wont to say that the ultimate destination of his kind was either the county jail or the poor-house! And how true this statement was is best illustrated by the known fact that the late Maurice Grau was the first impresario to die leaving enough for his funeral expenses!

Time, however, has played merry pranks in the field of the theatre. Changed conditions, when they did come, came with a vigorous impetus. Klaw and Erlanger, in a single decade, became not only millionaires, but the majority of the theatres of this country passed under their control for booking purposes, while their personal equity in these houses amounted to more than three millions of dollars. Simultaneously with their meteoric rise, a dozen men closely affiliated with them became rich and potent; among the number being Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia; William Harris, who began as a black-faced song-and-dance man; his son, H. B. Harris; Joseph Brooks, Al Hayman, Jacob Litt and Samuel Harris.

Charles Frohman, while he is the most important and prolific of producers, and controls more metropolitan theatres than any single interest, is not a man of great wealth, but he has been a more important factor in bringing our stage to its present high-water mark of extraordinary prosperity than any other American manager.

Fifteen years ago a mere boy, then employed in a subordinate capacity about the theatres of Syracuse, N. Y., secured the right to present a popular play in certain territory. Success came to him at the outset, and his operations grew until one day, little more than a decade ago, he came to New York, still a boy, and he amazed his colleagues by leasing the Herald Square Theatre. That boy was the late Sam S. Shubert! In the few years that he was permitted to live and operate in theatredom, Sam Shubert displayed an aptitude for theatrical management which destined him to become a central figure in the amusement world. He also was the first of his calling to assert a spirit of independence in the business policy of his houses, a policy which was to the best interests of the stage, since it encouraged healthy competition, weakened the grip of the so-called theatrical trust, and restored freedom to the American stage.

(*Continued on page vi*)

Moffett, Chicago

MARGUERITE ST. JOHN

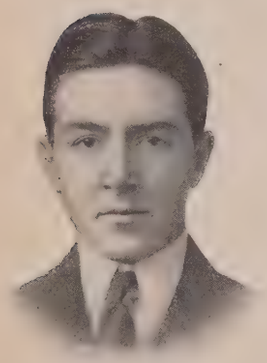
Now appearing as Lady Beaconsfield in Louis N. Parker's play, "Disraeli"

Harvard University's School for Playwrights

Pach PROFESSOR GEORGE P. BAKER

WHEN the John Craig prize, offered annually for the best play written by a Radcliffe or Harvard student in one of Professor Baker's college courses on the technique of playwriting, was this year, for the second time, awarded to a student at the girls' college, fear was expressed by one Boston critic lest the drama, as taught by this inspiring teacher, should become unduly "feminized." It was evidently overlooked by this piquant paragrapher that Edward Sheldon, the most virile of all our American playwrights, was also a product of "English '47," and that it was probably only because the Craig prize had not been established in his time that Mrs. Fiske, and not the Castle Square Theatre, obtained the first rights to "Salvation Nell."

In a curtain speech, made by Mrs. Fiske soon after she had accepted this remarkable play, she said gracefully and truthfully of the author: "He cannot write an insincere line." The actress might as well have added: "And all which he has given to the public is instinct with life, and is written not only with vigor, but with immense facility in the handling of suspense and crisis." Truth to tell, Mr. Sheldon emphatically refutes any charge that "feminism" is inculcated in the Baker course. Moreover, Edward Knoblauch, whose powerful and fascinating "Kismet" so long held the attention of London, and is now attracting similarly enthusiastic audiences in New York, is one of those who was early led to a knowledge of theatrical traditions by Professor Baker. He shared with Percy MacKaye, Louis Evan Shipman, Beulah Dix and Josephine Peabody (who won the Stratford prize), the inspiration of Professor Baker's courses in the historical study of the drama.



EDWARD SHELDON
Author of "Salvation Nell," etc.

Out of one of these courses it was—work known at Harvard and Radcliffe as "English '39," and concerned with the study and discussion of the drama from 1642 to the present day—that there grew the unique opportunity actually to write plays now embodied in "English '47." A thesis at the end of the year was a regular part of the work in the historical course, and several students suggested to Mr. Baker that it might be better practice for them to write a play as the product of what they had been learning through the year, than to write a thesis about plays. The idea seemed a good one, and though it was not adopted in exactly that form, out of the suggestion thus made sprang the course in the Technique of the Drama which, tried out at Radcliffe before given at all at the men's college, formed the nucleus of the work as now presented at both institutions. That students, who had the germ of the dramatic creator in them, might be helped by this course to self-expression, was early demonstrated. Mr. Arliss accepted a play written at this time by one of the Radcliffe girls, and Sothern, also, took a play by her, which only a succession of unforeseen mishaps prevented from proving a great success.

JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY
Winner of the Stratford-on-Avon prize play contest

Hermann Hagedorn, whose one-act plays have won for him considerable recognition, has also had the benefit of Mr. Baker's historical work, and has discussed with the Cambridge professor much of his dramatic writing. Mr. Baker is particularly enthusiastic at the present time about a little blank-verse play of Hagedorn's called "Five in the Morning," published in Mr. Hagedorn's volume, "The Troop of the Guards." Two other men, whose work Mr. Baker very warmly commends, are Edwin Ranck, whose "Night Riders" was recently presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club, and David Carb, now a teacher at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose stimulating piece, "The Things We Create," was put on by Miss Grace George in Cincinnati not long ago, and is promised a New York production.

"Two or three others among the young people who have studied with me may place their plays at any moment," confided the professor, as seated in his Cambridge study, which is literally crammed with pictures, books and manuscripts, all of which are related in some way to the drama, he talked of the work which is being accomplished through his courses. "As you will easily understand, some of those who are doing things slowly may prove to have done what is best worth while. Really, this work of mine has been pushed ahead rather faster than I ever expected or, perhaps, desired, by the abilities and immediate success of Mr. Sheldon. For, while I am glad to help these young people to find themselves promptly, I naturally shrink from being expected to turn out working playwrights every year, as has chanced to happen of late. That is much too much to ask, you know. To instil in a single student, however able, a sense of the great difference between a string of episodes and a really cumulative plot, is a large order for one year; naturally, it is much larger when multiplied by 18, the number now in each of my college courses. The scenario of a student may be first-rate when he leaves the conference during which we have discussed it; but there is always grave danger that it will have spread out into more episodes instead of becoming more compact as to plotting by the time he and I next meet. There are not so many plays which combine, as admirably as Galsworthy's 'Strife' does for instance, the quality of the dramatist with the principles of playwriting!

PERCY MACKAYE
Author of "The Scarecrow," etc.

"And with all due respect to the judges who cooperate with me in the selection of the prize plays, a thing we have unanimously judged good may some day fail. It happens that the public has upheld us in our estimate of 'The End of the Bridge' and 'The Product of the Mill,' but this does not, by any means, eliminate the possibility of our passing favorably sometime on a

play which, when it comes to be produced, will not 'measure up.' The fact is that one can never tell what real strength and real weakness a play may develop until one has seen it on the stage. The great need, therefore, which we now have here is of a small but well equipped theatre to be used in preliminary private productions as a workshop and laboratory by these students of dramatic technique, so that they can see the practical bearings and the necessity of the principles which are laid down in the course by word of mouth."

AGNES CRIMMINS
Author of "She Knows Better Now," produced by May Irwin

Professor Baker is deeply interested in the production of plays of several sorts at Harvard, and in this he has the assistance of Mr. Francis Powell, for a number of years identified with Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, and later with Madame Nazimova, in the capacity of stage manager. There are now no less than six societies producing plays at Harvard—two of these are devoted exclusively to musical comedy, two to the production of plays in French and German, and two to the production of English plays. The English play clubs are the Harvard Dramatic Club, founded in 1907-8, producing original modern plays, and the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, founded in 1884, reviving the Elizabethan comedies. The Harvard Dramatic Club presents one three- or four-act play each autumn, and three one-act plays each spring. Founded by Edward Sheldon, David Carb, Allen Davis and Doane Gardiner, its aim was to give the best dramatic work of Harvard and Radcliffe initial production, the merits of the plays being decided by a committee composed of Professor Baker, Mr. H. T. Parker, dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript*, and, until recently, Mr. Winthrop Ames, who has been succeeded by Mr. Sheldon

ELIZABETH A. McFADDEN
Author of "The Product of the Mill"

As to the acting of the plays, the greatest difficulty in presenting plays successfully by college organizations is the necessity of using men in both the men's and women's parts. This is obviated at the Harvard Dramatic Club productions by the casting of the women's parts among the young ladies of Radcliffe College. Occasionally a part is assigned to one of the successful Boston amateurs. This was done with notable success in the case of Mrs. Thorndyke Howe, whose performance in the "Medea" was an artistic achievement. Having a large number of university men and women to choose from, the director is able to cast the plays with unusual success, and the performances, as a rule, are of a high order, approximating at times the finish of a professional performance. This is particularly noticeable in the pictorial side of the production, the personal care of the director being given to its details. The scenery, costumes and properties are made and painted from designs furnished by Mr. Powell, and here is found an approach, at least, to the unity of production touched upon by Gordon Craig in his recent volume, "The Art of the Theatre." Appropriate music is furnished by an orchestra recruited from the Musical Department of the University, and used in such a way as to be in harmony with the requirements of the play.

The mechanical side of the production is unique. The stage crew is selected and thoroughly trained to do the work required of them silently and quickly. Special rehearsals of scenery and properties are held, at which a systematic plan for the striking of the scenes and properties is arranged. Each piece of scenery and every property is assigned to an individual, and for that they are held individually responsible. The scenes are then struck and reset, until the work proceeds with the regularity of clock work.

As a result, on an opening night the waits are surprisingly short, and noise is unknown. Inasmuch as successful work in the stage department is one of the requirements of admission to the club, there is, of course, great enthusiasm, and a large supply of stage hands from which to draw. Hence it is no unusual thing to see the athletic scion of some prominent family hustling "properties" and scenery with the skill of a professional and doing it well, with all the skill and directness of a trained mind and body.

FLORENCE LINCOLN
Author of "The End of the Bridge"

Dadmun Co., Boston

"You have forgotten the chief product of your mill. It is this!"

DRAMATIC MOMENT IN ELIZABETH APTHORP McFADDEN'S PLAY, "THE PRODUCT OF THE MILL"

So far as the methods of work and production are concerned, the Elizabethan revivals of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity are virtually the same as those of the Dramatic Club. Their type of play, however, demands, of course, different treatment in the acting, and there the Elizabethan custom of having all parts, male and female, played by men, prevails. The plays have come to be given with careful attention to the purity of the text and scrupulous accuracy to historic detail. To the Delta Upsilon belongs the honor of having probably produced more Elizabethan plays than any other college society, or perhaps any other dramatic organization in the world. Their performance last year of Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West" was most interesting because of the hold which it took upon a modern audience.

Photo Moffett

ANN MURDOCK

Popular young actress lately seen in "Excuse Me," now appearing in a stock company out West

Three at least of Mr. Baker's recent students have been able, within a year, to get their plays professionally produced. Just about this time a year ago the John Craig prize in dramatic composition, open to "English '47" students at Harvard and Radcliffe, was awarded to Miss Florence Lincoln, a special student at the latter institution. The prize brings to its winner $250 in money, and the assurance of production at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston for one week certainly, and for as many weeks thereafter as the success of the play warrants. Generous terms in royalties are made by Mr. Craig, and he also agrees to give his valuable aid towards placing the play with other managers. The whole prize is for $500, of which sum the second $250 goes to the Harvard University library for the purchase of books on the history of the English stage.

Miss Lincoln's play, the first to win out in this competition, had to do with a physician; a mentally unbalanced woman; a delightful boy, Peter, who acted as the physician's office boy; and a hearty man-of-the-world, one of the physician's friends, who proves to be Peter's father. Though there was one very great improbability in the play's plot—that a physician, who is a nerve specialist, would marry one of his patients out of mere sentimental regard for the affection that patient's father long cherished for his (the physician's) deceased mother—yet the Peter, as played by Miss Henriette McDanniel, was so charming that the play won a very great success in Boston, and, after running for ten weeks at the Castle Square Theatre, was purchased by Henry Miller, who has already brought it out in San Francisco.

Miss Lincoln is still studying with Mr. Baker at Radcliffe, but she has also settled down to playwriting as a profession. In a little talk concerning her work and the formative influences which have helped her in it, she said recently: "To me Normal School has been almost of more service than college. I regard the contact which I there had with girls from comparatively poor homes as of immense value to me. And the psychology course taught me a great deal. I never knew before that you can take the cover off your brain, as it were, and look into it. During my period of experimental teaching I learned to trace cause and effect in the action of children. I am certain that it was to my Normal School work that Peter owes his charm. Rather curiously, I never wanted to go to college when I was at the age most girls decide upon a college course. Going to college always seemed to me to be getting away from the every-day world, and I shrank from that. Yet when I had finished at the Normal School, and my teachers there pointed out to me that, since I was interested in study, and wanted to educate myself further, college was the natural place for me to go, I put my silly little prejudice behind me and entered Radcliffe. Of course, I am now immensely glad that I did so, because it is through my work there with Professor Baker that I have been able to reach the thing which I have decided to make my profession. I'm working all the time now at playwriting—though not with any star in mind—and I hope I shall be able to do something good, something with meaning in it; for, of course, when all is said there was nothing substantial to "The End of the Bridge."

Thus modestly did this clever and attractive Boston girl dismiss the work which Mr. Craig and Mr. Miller thought worthy of fine professional production—an estimate which Boston folk warmly endorsed by crowding the Castle Square Theatre twice a day for nine weeks last winter.

This year's prize play, by Elizabeth McFadden, another special student at Radcliffe, is, however, very different—for it is a sociological drama, and has to do with child labor in the cotton mills of Georgia. The title of the piece expresses its thesis: "The Product of the Mill" is the stunted, joyless life of children, whose childhood has been prematurely crushed out of them by long hours of work and by harsh conditions of labor. Constructionally the piece is admirably simple and direct. The author has withstood many temptations to sub-plotting and to "talk" about the tremendous evil at which

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Photo White

LEWIS WALLER AND HENRY STANFORD IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AT DALY'S THEATRE

An Interview with the Author of "The Pigeon"

IT was on the day following the première of "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre. The British author and the interviewer sat in a discreetly lighted reception room in a leading New York hotel. The orchestra was fiddling away soft strains from "Madama Butterfly." To the prejudiced ones who read in Galsworthy's writings the reformer's zealousness, or the preacher's insistence, if not the economist's love for diagrams, this setting would have appeared incongruous. Galsworthy, however, is so kind, so quiet, so courteous, so direct and so human, that on that day and on the next day (for great men should always be interviewed twice), there was a sense of perfect fitness in the discreetly lighted reception room and that industrious orchestra fiddling away Suzuki's prayer.

Hoppe, London

JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Strife," "Justice," "The Pigeon," etc.

Galsworthy is not the type of a man that can be interviewed in his bedroom with carpet slippers on his feet. It would be quite as incongruous to imagine him strutting along Peacock alley. His scorn of conventionalities is only matched by his knowledge of them. Having, once for all time, decided to be kind, he respects them for the sake of the physical and intellectual privacy they afford. Neither tall nor short, grey-haired, with a promise of inconspicuous baldness some day, neither pale nor ruddy, neither plain nor good looking, wearing clothes which are neither careless nor stylish, the author of "Strife" is anonymous in appearance. Of mannerisms he has none, or almost none. When looking for some one he presses a monocle into service. After locating the object of his search he replaces the monocle by a pair of common eyeglasses. Then the glasses also disappear, and he looks at you with unspectacled eyes.

He welcomes visitors with the air of a gentleman receiving a social call from a sympathetic friend, avoiding carefully the patronizing kindness of the great one towards the humble representative of the press, and the overcordial eagerness of the practical artist who oils liberally the bearing of a publicity engine. He answers all questions, sometimes prefacing his answers, when they are disobliging, with the remark that he does not wish to be quoted. The writer spared his host inquiries as to his impressions of America and the beauty of American women, although, no doubt, he would have answered even that with courtesy and cleverness.

"Little theatres," Galsworthy said, "will probably be built in every large city, and will prove a successful venture. They will in no way compete with the larger playhouses. For there are two publics—the public that delights in the subtle and the public that revels in the obvious. On one side are those whose brain is reached through their ears first; on the other side, those whose brain is reached through their eyes first."

"Highbrows and lowbrows?"

"No, merely two different kinds of intellect. One more attracted by action, the other more given to speculation."

Galsworthy cares little for comparisons. He realizes that there always are three sides to every question. This is why he believes that little theatres will render attendance at playhouses more pleasurable to the various classes of people who represent the various sides of the question.

"To those who like spectacles, literary plays are a bore and *vice versa*. The growth of the "little theatre" idea will probably broaden the chasm which separates those two kinds of audiences, neither of which should be characterized as belonging to a lower or a higher mental type. It will also accentuate the difference between the two classes of plays. Intellectual plays will be more intellectual, spectacular plays more spectacular. One of the most desirable things in art is the keeping apart of *genres*. The mixing up of all varieties is merely an unconscious attempt at appealing to the largest possible number, regardless of artistic results."

"I devotedly wish," he went on, "for the day when realism will be absolutely realistic and when, on the other hand, an author's fancy will be allowed absolute free play. The instinct for materialistic reality and the instinct for pure dream must be satisfied separately, not at the expense of each other. What will bring about this new development I cannot tell; perhaps some unknown, untried type of theatre."

Galsworthy confessed to having delivered two or three political speeches. One of them was unfortunately unearthed and reprinted by an ill-advised publisher. The novelist, absolutely out of his element, almost forgot his English on that occasion. He told the working women that they "had raised the greatest statue to Fortitude that had ever been raised in history." How many caught the meaning of that may never be known. He also stated that "The sleeping dog, Justice, is beginning to open his eyes." He prophesied that "Before the minimum wage could be established the Machine of Labor would be jolted first in one part, then in another," and he wound up by advising the English working women to "Link themselves with the women of America, France and Germany!"

Gentleness and moderation do very well in a discreetly lighted parlor when expressing themselves to an accompaniment of soft strings. On street corners, when red fire is burned, those qualities are likely to appear ineffective. Galsworthy is now perfectly aware of all that. He is not likely to burn his fingers again. The novelist has, of course, his little pet schemes for the betterment of this world, but he fortunately lacks the approved stock phrases that whip up indifferent bystanders into riotous deeds.

The author thinks that "Workingmen and women will, in a near future, come to some international understanding, and that nations will have to make some national or international arrangements for the public control or exploitation of coal mines,

Photo Alice Boughton

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS THE PEASANT WOMAN IN "THE TERRIBLE MEEK"

Photo Bangs

MISS IVY TROUTMAN
Leading woman in James Montgomery's play, "Ready Money"

railroads and bakeries." This sounded distinctly socialistic, but when told that socialists claimed him on the strength of plays like "Strife," "Justice" or "The Silver Box," he answered:

"I believe I am generally called a socialist. This is a mistake. I am neither a socialist nor an individualist. The true path most obviously lies in the middle. The English and American communities have undoubtedly become extravagantly individualistic, and are only now beginning, almost too late, to try and pull their horns in. By one who is not a politician either by profession or nature, but simply an indifferent writer, who generally sees both sides of things, and tries to see them as they are, and to achieve true proportions in his pictures, extravagance and excrescences naturally tend to get pilloried. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my socialism.

"I do not belong to any political party. An artist must not be hampered in the expression of his thoughts and feelings by any party considerations. An artist's only business is art. And the only mission of art is art. Critics should not ask the question, 'What did the author try to show in such and such a novel, in such and such a play?' I never tried to show anything, to prove anything, to demonstrate anything, to refute anything.

"Now and then a scene, an image will obsess my mind until I rid myself of it by translating it into black and white. It may happen that when my work is finished, it actually demonstrates or refutes something. So much the better if it does, at least from the point of view of those who wish the problem to be presented as I presented it. Personally, I am totally indifferent to the conclusion to be drawn from my premises.

"If you have a thesis to propound, there is the newspaper, there is the pulpit, there is the platform at your disposal; if all three fail you, write a pamphlet. The problem play and the problem novel are, however, most unsatisfactory mongrel types. Artistic inspiration interferes with the correct presentation of the problem. The correct presentation of the problem interferes with the artist's inspiration."

Who are your favorite writers at the present day?

"John Masefield, Thomas Hardy and Joseph Conrad."

Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, yes, but why John Masefield? From the tone of Galsworthy's voice I felt that he was especially partial to Masefield. Not Masefield the poet; not Masefield, the author of the "Street of To-day," of "Multitude and Solitude," but Masefield, the playwright. Of Masefield's plays he fancies most "The Tragedy of Nan"—pure, unadulterated gloom, in which Nan, the daughter of a man who was hanged for stealing a sheep, is tortured by her aunt and her cousin Jennie, falls in love with Dick, loses him to Jennie, learns that her father was hanged by mistake, then forces Jennie to eat pie made from a sick lamb, then stabs Dick, and, after much Melisandian ravings with a Golaudlike old fiddler, goes to throw herself into the sea. What chord does this touch in Galsworthy: in Galsworthy, the kind, indulgent cynic? For Masefield's play is crude, his characterization terribly primitive, his story patchy and melodramatic, his villains unpardonably villainous, and Nan unpardonably declamatory. All these defects Galsworthy is willing to overlook for the sake of a scene in the third act, wherein Nan and the old fiddler describe, in alternate Maeterlinckian speech, the wonders of a rising tide in a moonlit night.

A mention of Maeterlinck's name only brought to Galsworthy's lips one severe judgment: "There is too much of the indoor stamp to what he writes. He does not feel, he does not suffer."

And thus does the very modern Galsworthy bring us back to Musset's theory. It is not the poet's dazzling sword-play which is the thing, but the drop of blood at the point of the sword.

This is why, of all the books he has written, Galsworthy prefers "The Man of Property," and this is why in that particular book he prefers one scene in which little June, who has just lost her lover, comes home broken-hearted but silent, while Old Jolyon, apparently dead to all emotions save those connected with the correct conduct of a dinner or the

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Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry in the garden of her country home, England

In the Grecian draperies she wore during her recent lecture tour

Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry and her young husband (Mr. James Carew)

On Tour with Ellen Terry

AS I have never seen Ellen Terry on the stage, my point of view, that of a friend and traveling companion, is different from that of most of her admirers. On account of the illness of her young English friend, I was asked at an hour's notice to accompany her for a few weeks on her lecture tour a year ago. My duties, rather vaguely defined, seemed to consist of listening when Miss Terry felt like talking, talking when she wanted to listen, smoothing out the inconveniences of travel and, as far as possible, making her time agreeable—altogether, a delightful occupation for anyone.

It was while I was waiting to meet her before her second lecture in New York, that I heard her celebrated voice for the first time: "This dreadful steam heat! Indeed, it is not turned off. How do you do, my dear friend? Really, you know, your steam heat in America is—devilish!" She laughed and turned to be introduced. First, however, she jerked off, with a characteristic quick gesture, the spectacles which she wears most of the time, but with which she never appears before an audience.

In the wings of the Hudson Theatre, I was then impressed with what never ceased to impress me during the weeks I was with her, the magnificent personality and remarkable energy of this woman of sixty-three. Her voice, her head, her throat, her heart, everything connected with her are so big. She then wore the Grecian draperies, grey that day, whose flowing lines and heavy folds gave her more than ever the appearance of a superb statue.

Bertha, her capable and devoted little German maid or "keeper," as Miss Terry calls her, was begging her to go before the curtain. It was already after three o'clock. Laughingly, the actress protested: "Hush, Bertha, let me have just a minute, can't you? You hurry me to death." Turning to me, she said jokingly: "Bertha is always very strict with me, as you will see." "But, Madame," insisted the girl, "if you don't begin, we'll never get the Boston train. You know I cannot pack number seven until you dress for the street. Oh, Madame, you have the wrong book! That is your first lecture, I'll bring you the second from number six."

A word here to explain these mystic numbers. I was soon to learn that they referred to our luggage, our principal topic of conversation and anxiety. There were seven pieces, not including the green velvet curtain and theatre basket that had to be personally conducted into each baggage car, and a special cab hired to carry them behind us wherever we went, or Miss Terry would lose entirely her peace of mind. Each bag or suit-case was numbered, and had its own key, and was supposed to contain a certain class of articles. The fact that the three of us packed and unpacked constantly, and that therefore no article was ever where it belonged, and that the key of number seven fitted number five was puzzling, but never disturbed Bertha's faith in her system. The seven did not include a small green bag bulging and open, with pencils, a powder puff and a knife, suspended by strings, which Miss Terry never let out of her hand. It did not, as I at first supposed, contain jewels, but papers, letters, a comb, or whatever in one of our rushes happened to be left out of numbers one to seven. Bernard Shaw gave this bag to Miss Terry and, as she said, if she once let someone carry it, she would break her habit of always holding it herself, and therefore always be in danger of losing it. The fact that she was always losing things out of it did not appear to matter.

Her arms laden with flowers, which she insisted on carrying herself, and the porters groaning under our heavy luggage, we stepped on the rear platform of the already moving

Copyright Window & Grove
ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN

train to Boston. I was soon to learn that this was to be our usual method of leaving a city. Half an hour before time to leave the hotel I would say, "Now, Miss Terry, hadn't you better get your things together? Oh, Miss Terry, you mustn't wash your hair now, you couldn't possibly dry it in time. No, I am telling you the truth about the time the train goes." She was always suspicious of our veracity on that subject. As it chanced, we never missed a train, neither did we ever have a moment to spare.

Once on the train, our luggage counted and disposed of to make passing by possible, our next move was to beguile the porter into shutting off the heat and opening all the windows. Whenever possible we took the drawing-room because of the temperature and the privacy. Miss Terry's modesty is, however, so unusual that she seldom realizes that she is recognized everywhere. Often she would say, "I wonder where I have met that woman, she is looking at me as if she knew me." One night in Boston the porter at the station, answering her question about trains, called her by name. She seemed amazed. "How do you suppose he knew me?" she exclaimed. "He must have seen my name on the luggage." I assured her that her name was nowhere visible, and that he must have recognized her voice. She was as pleased as a child, and called him back and told him that he looked like Joseph Jefferson.

Her naivete is so remarkable that she never realizes the attraction which her name has for us ordinary persons. One stormy night on arriving in the city exhausted from her lecture and the trip, she insisted on driving around until we found a hospital where she might leave her flowers. It meant a disagreeable hour in a closed carriage, Miss Terry, as usual, gasping for breath, her head out in the rain most of the time. At the hospital I told the doorman to say that the flowers were from Miss Ellen Terry. "You foolish child," she scolded, "what do you suppose those poor suffering people care who sent them?"

Copyright Mishkin
OTTO GORITZ IN HUMPERDINCK'S OPERA, "KONINGSKINDER," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

We often wonder that such a celebrity, one who has been always humored, does not become more or less of a tyrant. Miss Terry has none of this attitude, her moods are uneven, but never selfishly so. For instance, just before a reading her spirits droop, she is nervous and loses her self-confidence. She is certain no one will be pleased, that the poor people who paid to hear her will be disappointed, and so on. At this time she is occasionally petulant, but is immediately apologetic and sweet, and tells us that she is a horrid old woman, and she would not blame us if we would not talk to her any more at all. The enthusiasm of her audience acts like a tonic, and she comes off the stage with the buoyancy of a young star, is ready and willing to meet everyone, and talk in her most fascinating and vivacious manner for hours, or until Bertha or a train interferes.

At a late supper after a lecture, or upon our return to the hotel, was the time I loved her best. We would send the sensible and demurring Bertha off to sleep, Miss Terry would sit Turkish fashion on the bed (I could not endure this position ten minutes and I am nearly forty years younger), and show me pictures of herself in favorite rôles, her two grandchildren ("Teddy's babies"), her cottages (she has seven, six are occupied by old servants and friends), and corners of her garden. She would tell me of hours spent with Queen Victoria, Rossetti, Henry Ward Beecher and his wife, and all the other famous people she has known. The loveliest photograph she showed me was of herself as Imogen, with the wreath of flowers in her soft hair, an expression of tender sadness in her wistful eyes, her exquisite fingers on her lips in tender farewell to her lover. In this she wears the brilliant and beautiful costume designed for her by Burne-Jones, of which he said to an English lady: "I have accomplished the impossible, I have made a woman of fifty look like a girl of eighteen."

The more I saw of Miss Terry the more I realized how possible this was, and how little art was needed to efface any impression of age. Her hair, though gray, has a blond and youthful sheen, and every gesture has the enthusiasm and grace that suggests eternal youth. All of this charm is to me embodied in this photograph; I admired it so much that she has since sent it to me. Her sense of humor is exquisite, and what we in America consider most un-English. One night she burlesqued her own reading of the "Quality of Mercy" speech, as a court wit once did to amuse the Queen. She considers her knowledge of Shakespeare and old English speech not only essential to culture, but useful in everyday life. One day she and her young husband were walking in the country in the south of England when, much to their horror, a small drove of cattle came plunging down the road, led by a fierce old beast which made straight at them. The drover shouted, "Bung 'er among 'er een!" The young husband was quite at sea, but Miss Terry, thanks, she says, to her knowledge of Elizabethan English, at once "banged her between her eyes," with the result that the cantankerous cow and her companions turned immediately off into the fields.

People wondered why Miss Terry came over here for a tiresome and extended lecture tour at her age. As she often admitted herself, she hated this traveling around without her company, with none of the accessories of scenery, private cars, etc., and she strongly disliked the lecturing itself. In many ways it was more wearing than playing one part, for often she would read to illustrate her subject of "Shakespeare's Women" the most difficult scenes from four or five plays in one evening. Her reason for this tour was the same which prompts most of us to an effort—the need of money. This may surprise some, for, of course, she has made many fortunes in the past forty years, but one has only to know her to see that dollars slip through her fingers like sand. She gives, gives, gives. At one time there were nearly one hundred people dependent upon her for their whole, or partial, support: one woman for only a shilling a day. The poor creature was dragging along the street when Miss Terry saw her. When asked for how much or how little she could live and keep decent, she told her one shilling a day. From then, through the remaining years of her life, she received that amount from Miss Terry. Think of the mind, or rather the heart, that never passes by an opportunity to help a fellow-being, and not be moved only on the impulse, but keep it up for years!

One day in Hartford she bought some little books to send to some old ladies at home. She had forgotten their names, but the never-failing Bertha supplied them. "They live near one of my

From the *Illustrated London News*

SCENE IN "THE MIRACLE," THE GREAT WORDLESS SPECTACLE WHICH HAS DRAWN THOUSANDS TO OLYMPIA, IN LONDON

The nun, returned from the temptations and follies of the world, paying adoration to the miraculous image of the Madonna, which came to life and took her place while she was in the lure of the Spielmann

Photos Moffett

ANN TASKER
Seen in "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty

EVELEEN DUNMORE
Seen in "The Rose of Panama," at Daly's

ANN LAUGHLIN
Seen recently in vaudeville

cottages," she said. "Dear me," exclaimed the actress, "I shouldn't have bought that cottage! It was shockingly extravagant. Cottages," she went on, "are my greatest indiscretion, I just can't resist them—and this was such a duck of a little house, wasn't it Bertha? Besides, my old Nellie needed a home. These dear old maids next door watch for me to drive by and wave their hands, bless 'em! They call me their beautiful lady."

"Do you motor much in England?" I asked.

"Heavens!' no, child; where should I get the money to keep a car? But we drive. Oh! if you could see my sweet, fat, pony and cart. Rainy days Jimmy and I put on our ulsters and drive all over the country. He loves it the way I do. Do you know, the first time I ever met my husband, at a rehearsal of 'Captain Brassbound,' Bernard Shaw said: 'Ellen, you will marry that man!' I laughed at him. When Jimmy asked me six months later, I laughed at him and told him it was a silly joke. When he assured me that he was earnest I said: 'Wait until we are in America (it was just before my last tour in this country). If, as I fear, the dear people over there decide I am too old, and should stay at home where I belong, we'll say no more about it. If they should receive me with any degree of enthusiasm—well—perhaps we'll talk about it again.' As it chanced, they were very nice to me over here, and Jimmy and I were married — six weeks before even my daughter Edie, who was with me then, knew it. One evening at the Bellevue Hotel in Boston, we were dining alone together, when a reporter burst into the room: 'Miss Terry,' he exclaimed, 'will you deny your engagement to Mr. Carew?' Jimmy and I looked at each other and laughed. 'Most certainly,' I replied, 'we are not engaged.' We had already been married some time."

Miss Terry's ideas on matrimony are very positive. She advised me by all means to marry.

Matzene

MISS ELEANOR GORDON
Now playing Kut-al-Kulub in "Kismet," at the Knickerbocker Theatre

"But," I said, "You wouldn't marry just for the sake of marrying, would you?"

"Well," she answered, putting her head on one side and squinting up her nose, "I don't know—if you don't marry, you're sure to be miserable, and if you do, you have a chance, at least, for happiness."

"But," I insisted, "there is always the great risk of getting the wrong man."

"There is always a right one," she answered, "and when he comes along, you be Mrs. Right as quickly as you can!" That fancy seemed to please her, and, after that, in the whimsical way she has of calling her friends whatever she considers appropriate, I was always "Mrs. Right."

Her devotion to her only son, Gordon Craig, is unusual. She watches eagerly for his daily letter, and calls him her "lover." She is "proud as Punch" of his success, and talks of his doings by the hour, but to her he is still the precocious child. He shows her influence in her knowledge of, and insistence on, proper lighting and backgrounds for her stage even when she lectures. It was interesting to note the total disregard of this by Madame Maeterlinck. In her lectures in Boston, a few weeks ago, she spoke from a stage entirely stripped of any attempt at a setting. The effect of the bare boards, a kitchen table covered with a red cloth and severe reading lamp, in conjunction with her mediæval costume of trailing purple velvet and gold cap, was startling. When she began to speak, however, one forgot there was such a thing as a stage in existence, such was the fascination of her voice and personality. Personal vanity is not one of Miss Terry's vices, but she never appears before the public until the green velvet curtain is draped to her satisfaction, the table cover of brocade at just the right angle, and the lights arranged that she may see, and be seen, to the best advantage.

But to return to Miss Terry's son—she loves to dwell on his childhood, and the years she was off the stage, the happiest time of her life, she says, even though it was then that she had the difficult struggle to live and support her babies, about which she speaks in her reminiscences. At one time, she told me, they lived in one room, and on bread and milk, for weeks. For a while it seemed that even the milk supply would run low. She accepted a five-pound note as a loan from a friend. "Fortunately," she said, "we did not have to use it, but when I returned it to him I did not tell him it was the same note. He liked to believe he had helped us."

When at home, Miss Terry and her young husband live in one of her cottages in the south of England. She has many visitors, reads a great deal, and, like all cultivated Englishwomen, takes an active interest in all the public questions of the day. She is an enthusiastic suffragist and reformer. "Anything to help women," she says, "I am always on their side." But, most of all, she enjoys her home and garden. "Jimmy married me for the salads I can make," she tells with pride. We spent many hours shopping for the cottages. She is not exempt from this feminine trait. In every new town we shopped; whether the shops were attractive or not, there was always something to catch her eye and empty her pocketbook. Rag rugs, pottery, pans, and other unportable articles she considered appropriate to her home, we bought. It was only by the combined efforts of Bertha and myself that we prevented her from buying a huge mirror of great weight, and lugging it home to hang in a corner near her fireplace.

Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

KITTY CHEATHAM

The American *diseuse* whose charming art, shown at several song recitals this season, has endeared her to a large public

Most of the year she spends out-of-doors, driving and working in her garden. Here she wears what she calls a Japanese smock, a sort of loose, shapeless garment that on anyone less graceful would be hideous. Miss Terry, unlike many artists, is oblivious to her appearance off the stage. She excuses herself by saying that she has earned the right to be comfortable in her old age (that impossible word in connection with this charming, youthful personality). Peculiar as some of her theories of dress are, if they are responsible for her wonderful physique and exuberant health—no massage, diet or regular hours for her—we should all adopt them. Sometimes her desire for comfort is startling; as, for instance, on a parlor car, when she suddenly decides to remove her jacket, Bertha and I knowing that she wears a "dicky" (or front, back and collar of black crêpe) in place of the conventional waist, leap to her rescue with a pair of muslin sleeves, which we keep for such emergencies. She has a way all her own with each portion of her wardrobe, showing with pride the advantage of having one's skirt-bands on an elastic, so that one can breathe more freely! She modestly starts out swathed in veils, but soon she casts them to the winds in her need of fresh air. In the pursuit of this, as she believes, in America an almost unknown quantity, one day we thought we should lose her. All the way from Boston to New York she sat on the porter's stool in the vestibule between the cars. To humor me in my anxiety she waved her hand, so that from my warm, unhealthy seat inside I could see through the door-window that she was still with us.

(*Continued on page ix*)

Copyright Charles Frohman

Teresa Maxwell Conover, Gertrude Elliott, William McVay, Isabel Irving and Annie Esmond

SCENE FROM ARTHUR WING PINERO'S COMEDY, "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE," LATELY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Photos by Brown Bros. and by Duckett and Adler
At Left: The crowd seeking admission to Father Knickerbocker's "show"
At Right: Father Knickerbocker's moving picture auditorium

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S THEATRE

Health Department Exhibit

IT will come as a surprise to many to learn that the "show" which drew the greatest attendance in 1911 in New York City was neither a "hot weather" musical comedy nor a so-called "problem play." Just think of an amateur theatrical performance drawing nine hundred thousand persons in four weeks!

Who staged the production?

Father Knickerbocker, right in the heart of the business district on lower Broadway.

The play was not called "The Spenders," though it might very easily have been, for it dealt with the spending, by Father Knickerbocker himself, of one hundred and seventy million dollars of the citizens' and tax-payers' money. Instead, it bore the rather flat and unseductive name, "The Budget Exhibit of the City of New York."

Child Hygiene Exhibit

Long before the opening hour, crowds of students and business men waited, "bread line" fashion, to be admitted to this unique show so that they might take advantage of the opportunity there given for an intimate and thorough understanding of the municipal methods and extraordinary problems confronted by those who are responsible for and in charge of the greatest municipality in the whole world.

Public Charities Exhibit

"The cast of characters" was made up of the different City Commissioners and heads of the various municipal departments, and you can imagine the difficulties Father Knickerbocker encountered getting together such an "all-star stock company." It's one thing to dramatize human emotions and another thing, as Father Knickerbocker soon learned, to dramatize one hundred and seventy million dollars. This was his expense account, his "Budget" for 1911, and the fear of a two hundred million dollar city for this year drove him to realize that the play was "the thing."

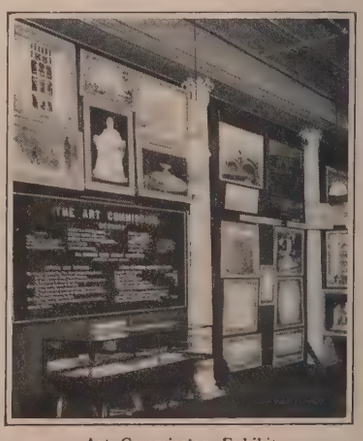
Father Knickerbocker most usually is pictured as wearing enormous square spectacles, but it was not because he was near-sighted that the old gentleman determined to call his public servants together and in public "show" him and his five million municipal children what they, his deputies, were accomplishing with the enormous sums of money entrusted to their care, but because he is far-sighted and thinks of the future.

Weights and Measures Exhibit

This is how the now famous municipal moving pictures of New York City, which are marvelled at by the inhabitants of every other city in the world, came originally to be taken. You will see them in Bermuda and in Tokio! His Water Commissioner "showed" him every detail of their progress by moving pictures on the greatest waterway system ever projected. His Police and Fire Commissioners procured graphic films demonstrating how life and property is protected in New York City. Firemen scaling ladders, police dogs tripping up runaway criminals, were but two of the many interesting subjects that held the thousands which crowded into the "Budget Exhibit" spell-bound. Every municipal activity, so far as was possible, was shown to all in pictures that moved.

Fire Department Exhibit

Noon times the City Commissioners gave their "heart-to-heart" talks to the citizens and the tax-payers, and from the platform invited questions and criticisms. It was a dangerous experiment, for the lecture hall was so small, so



Art Commission Exhibit

Photo White

NAT C. GOODWIN AS FAGIN IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

compact, that the Commissioners could always see the whites of the tax-payers' eyes and sometimes the reds.

The three mammoth floors of the old Tefft-Weller building, 330 Broadway, where the "Budget Exihibt" was given last October, were crowded with pictures, with charts, with diagrams and physical models, each and all telling, dramatically, some part of the tale of New York City's municipal government. Every city department had a set of booths assigned to it, in which it was required to tell its story. There were carloads and carloads of scenery. The basement, alive with flags and banners, was given up to the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments. Here were to be found fire heroes and medal winners who explained to everyone how properly to send in a fire alarm. Over there was "Brentwood," the oldest horse in the city service (who has run to more famous fires than any other horse in the world), and who welcomed, like some president or king, the long line of admirers who waited patiently for an opportunity to stroke his mane or rub his nose. Volunteer life savers gave instructions in swimming and in "first aid to the injured," and more than all this, attendants (city employees, too, mind you) were on hand to teach you how to read your gas meter, which to most men is as easy as Arabic.

With the enterprise of an experienced circus manager, Father Knickerbocker advertised his novel experiment in municipal dramatics broadcast. Paint, paper and brush were freely used to announce the making up of the city's expense account for 1912. Assistance was asked of the various civic societies. "Constructive criticism" of the staggering amounts requested by the city officials was what the old gentleman needed. The metropolitan press was taken into his confidence, and Father Knickerbocker directed a relentless press-agent campaign of publicity in these matters. He did not wait for the newspapers' "news." He supplied the editors with news. Each night during the progress of his "show," and, for that matter, months before it was opened to the curious public, he bombarded the city editors with numerous "news bulletins."

FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER.

SIE HASSAN BEN ALI

Arabs on the American Stage

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable figures in the amusement world is Sie Hassan Ben Ali, a Marabout, or sacred man of the Berbers, who, by the way, is a naturalized American citizen. Attention has been drawn to him particularly this year for two reasons: First, because he is a power in Morocco, and has had an important part in shaping the policy of the Berber tribes in their attitude toward the Germans, French, and Spanish in the recent vexed Moroccan situation. Secondly, because this has been an Arab year in theatricals, and there has been an unprecedented demand for Berbers and Arabs for dramatic productions. He has supplied the entire demand.

To be a Marabout in Morocco is more to be preferred than to be Sultan. The position of the latter, while absolute, is not one of unmingled joy, and his safety is a matter to which he has to devote a good deal of serious thought and several regiments of soldiers. With a Marabout it is entirely different. He has *per se* the respect of everyone, including the Sultan. His safety is assured, and he has wealth, honors, veneration and gifts heaped upon him. Hassan enjoys all this, and besides he has all the benefits accruing from American citizenship. He came to this country twenty-six years ago as manager of a troupe of Berber acrobats, brought over to appear with Forepaugh's & Sells Bros.' Circus. He liked this country so well that when the troupe went back the following year he stayed to learn more of this wonderful land. To-day he is wealthy, and he has brought to this country almost five hundred Berber performers, whom he has booked with circuses, shows, parks, fairs, and in vaudeville. He has long ceased to perform himself, but his gymnasiums in Tangier turn out from ten to thirty boys each year, and they go into the various troupes which Hassan controls in all parts of the world.

There is probably no one in New York who has not seen, particularly this year, groups of these Arabs or Berbers going about the streets, or crossing crowded Times Square, as unconcernedly as though they were in their native Tangier. Hassan has almost a hundred of them now in this country, and fifty of them are in New York appearing in the Hippodrome, "The Garden of Allah," and "Kismet." They are dressed in native costume, modified to suit climatic conditions. Most of them wear the cloaks, fezzes, turbans and the baggy trousers peculiar to Morocco, with shoes and stockings, or puttees and shirts and collars of American manufacture. But the Berbers at the Century Theatre scorn any compromise with American dress, and during the coldest weather can be seen on Broadway with bare legs, their feet thrust into the yellow leather slippers that they use on the burning sands of the desert. The sight of them is so common as to excite no more than passing comment.

BERBERS OUT ON BROADWAY FOR A WALK

After they have been in this country for a few years, and get to know something of American customs, they pick up some unaccountable habits. For instance, most of them are inordinately fond of carrying canes, and, however inappropriate to their dress or their mission, they are sel-

(Continued on page x)

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Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

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this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

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the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

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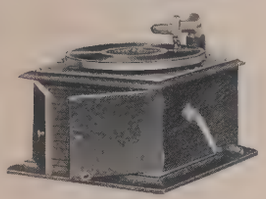

Victor-Victrola IV, $15
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Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

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Just ask *your* doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
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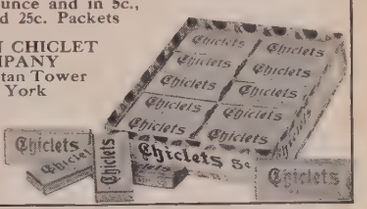

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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

(*Continued from page 153*)

His heirs, Lee and J. J. Shubert, have continued this policy until to-day. They are personally interested in more than sixty theatres outside of New York, and fifteen theatres in the Metropolis are owned, leased or controlled by them!

In vaudeville the change has been equally startling. In the early '90's a friendless youth came hither from Germany and found his way into a vaudeville agency on East Fourteenth Street, where he found employment at a salary of seven dollars a week. In three years he became the partner of his employer, a man three times his age, and at the death of the latter, a year later, inaugurated his own career as an independent vaudeville agent. This boy was the William Morris of to-day! For ten years he has competed with the amalgamated vaudeville managers, a group of millionaires, and he has been a constant menace to them, while he himself has become one of the most commanding figures in the growing field of modern vaudeville.

Twelve years ago Percy Williams opened a small vaudeville theatre in the eastern district of Brooklyn; then he built the magnificent Orpheum Theatre in the same borough. To-day he has seven fine theatres in Greater New York alone, all conducted on the same policy and all owned by himself. He is a millionaire, and his operations are at this time upon a growing scale.

Less than five years ago, in the Harlem district, a man of middle age, who had been running a penny arcade, began to notice that the craze for moving pictures was reducing his receipts; therefore, he transformed his auditorium into a moving picture theatre. Then he opened a half-dozen similar places, all successful. Three years ago he conceived the idea of transforming several large and commodious theatres into moving picture resorts, gradually introducing a few minor vaudeville acts, but always maintaining a scale of exceedingly low prices of admission. This man was Marcus Loew, whose career has had no parallel in amusement history. He has a dozen theatres in the Greater City at this time, all veritable gold mines, and has built two large and beautiful theatres in Harlem and the Bronx, the combined cost of which is not less than a million dollars. Mr. Loew also has twenty or more theatres in other cities, and there is no indication that he has arrived at the zenith of his extraordinary meteoric career.

In East Fourteenth Street's theatricals, a man in his early thirties, William Fox, is the predominating factor. It is not so long ago that he and Cliff Gordon used to do a "turn" at the old Clarendon Hall on East Thirteenth Street, under the name of the Schmaltz Brothers; their joint salary was $25 a week. In 1906 Mr. Fox opened the first "five-cent store theatre" for moving pictures in Brooklyn, and, pursuing the modern trend, soon had a half-dozen of the same type. Then he bought the lease of the Dewey Theatre on East Fourteenth Street and the Gotham Theatre in Harlem, paying a joint rental of not far from $100,000 a year, and yet so profitable has been his conduct of these that he has since added three more theatres in New York and two in Brooklyn, all operated under the same policy. But the amazing thing about Mr. Fox's rise is the fact that he is not content to amass a fortune in these theatres. He is a part owner of the City Theatre, also on East Fourteenth Street, and last year showed an astonishing intrepidity by leasing the Academy of Music on the same street, paying an annual rental of $100,000 a year for the vast edifice, which cost its owners but three times as much.

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New Dramatic Books

The dramatic version of "Thais," by Paul Wilstach, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, makes a handsome illustrated volume of convenient size. Mr. Wilstach's play is an interesting addition to the bibliography of the celebrated story of the great Alexandrian beauty. Anatole France was the first to rescue Thais from semi-historical oblivion. His romance, "Thais" was immediately crowned by the French Academy and confirmed its author in his seat among the forty immortals. France's "Thais" has been translated into nearly every modern language. There are three translations of the romance published by three different American publishers. France's "Thais" was the inspiration of Jules Massenet's opera "Thais," and Mr. Wilstach, in publishing his play, acknowledges his obligation to the same source.

School for Playwrights

(Continued from page 156)

her play is aimed, creditably visualizing instead the effects of that evil.

"Quite deliberately," she says, "I chose for the central figure of the play a woman whose environment had not been that of the mills, a mother whose child, stolen on Christmas Eve, is nine years later found to be an exploited worker in a Southern cotton factory. I knew that the 'upper class woman,' so to speak, could *express herself* as a woman of mill environment could not; the poor woman might very deeply feel the evils of the situation, but she could not 'get it over' in the way Mrs. Craig has so wonderfully succeeded in doing in my play."

Through a prologue, which shows us the happy, luxurious home of a typical mill owner, all of whose hopes for the future are centred about the child so soon to be wrenched from the arms of his loving parents, the play brings home very forcibly the truth that it is environment and not, as some say, heredity, which makes for unhappiness and squalor in the life of mill children. Any well-born child, exposed to such conditions as obtain in this very father's cotton mill, would turn out, we are forced to believe, as stunted in mind and body as the Carmans' cherished heir is shown to be when we meet him nine years later as Skinny Hinks. Only a woman who had seriously studied social problems would have dared to treat her theme in this very effective manner.

The Juvenile Court, in Cincinnati, was the means of bringing home to Miss McFadden the great social wrongs of our time. A Western girl, she went to Smith College in the usual way, graduated therefrom in 1898, and then for four or five years did settlement work in Cincinnati, while earning her living as a librarian. After which, for a whole year, she was constantly in and about the Juvenile Court as a volunteer probation officer, thus coming, as she herself puts it, to meet "pretty much all the grown-up problems there are."

All the while her dramatic instinct, which had made her work hard on the senior play while at Smith, be elected chairman of the Dramatic Committee, and write little amateurish plays for college and settlement production, was only in abeyance, and as soon as home conditions made the step possible, she enrolled for Mr. Baker's course at Radcliffe. She feels that she owes much to his inspiring leadership and criticism, especially to his constant direction to "shape the stage to life, rather than life to the stage." Happily, she possessed an intimate knowledge of a cross-section of life, which few women of her age and talents have had opportunity to study. Thus it was that "The Product of the Mill" wrote itself during 1908-09.

Before entering the play in the Craig Contest, Miss McFadden submitted it to a New York dramatic agent, who, though she expressed interest in the work and appreciation for its noble treatment of an ugly social condition, declared it "a tract rather than a play," and declined to have any business connection with it. Possibly the agent was right in this criticism. To my mind, however, this work is the most creditable which has yet been turned out at Harvard, and I feel, with Professor Baker, that "if Miss McFadden's play doesn't go well, playwriting will look a pretty discouraging profession to the young people studying here." For plays dealing earnestly with contemporary social life, plays which dignify and render more serviceable a profession which every year influences an enormous number of American people; plays, in a word, which have in them the fine moral quality so conspicuous in "Salvation Nell," in "The Boss," and in "The Product of the Mill," are the kind of plays which university students may properly be expected to write.

And yet it was one of Mr. Baker's students who supplied May Irwin with "She Knows Better Now," the play through which that actress's robustious humor is now expressing itself! The very interesting thing about this play for the purposes of the present article, is the direct connection its prompt production proves to exist between Broadway and Mr. Baker's study in Cambridge. The piece was originally written as part of Miss Agnes Crimmins' work in the Baker course, and there were the usual conferences on it. Then Miss Crimmins sailed for Europe, thence mailing back the manuscript, for final consideration, when she had worked it over to her own satisfaction. At just about the same time that this sparkling comedy, in its large envelope, was delivered to Professor Baker, a letter from Miss Irwin also arrived. She was in search of a play, and Mr. Baker sent the manuscript to her, and she took it at once.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

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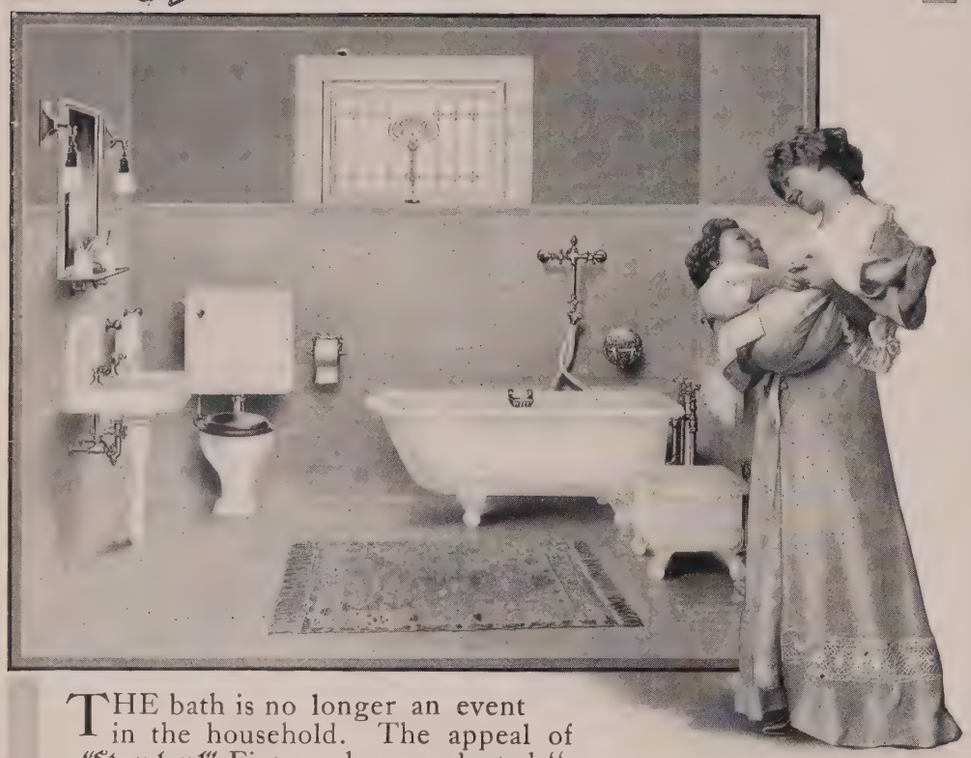

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Author of "The Pigeon"

(*Continued from page* 160)

acquisition of valuable property, feels sharply his little June's unexpressed sorrow, though neither a gesture nor a word betrays his deep anxiety.

"Therein resides," Galsworthy said, "the superiority of the novel over the play in the expression of moods. Subtle moods, which can be suggested to the reader by means of a few syllables, must be indicated more directly, more concretely on the stage, and lose their poetry, their lyric quality. And still I have been busy writing plays ever since I finished my book, "The Patrician," and I don't seem to be able to find a subject for another novel."

Concerning modern European literature, Galsworthy seems to have rather indefinite ideas. Sudermann, Hauptman, Hoffmansthal, are little more than names to him. French writers of today appeal very little to him. England is, he thinks, destined to save the literary world from its present stagnation. "English writers have more earnestness, a more definite aim than their colleagues of Europe."

"How about American writers?"

"I never read but one American book."

?

"Herrick's 'Together.'"

!!!

And, as there are certain stereotype queries no interviewer can eschew:

"How do you pronounce your name? Some wise ones insist on calling you *Gailsworthy.*"

"My relatives are not agreed on the point; some favor Gohlsworthy, some Gahlsworthy. Gailsworthy is a purely American variation. My choice is Gohlsworthy."

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire as far back as records go, since the flood . . . of Saxons. Galsworthy's mother was a Bartleet from Worcestershire. He was born in Coombe, Surrey, in 1867. He studied at Harrow from 1881 to 1886, then at New College, Oxford, from 1886 to 1889, and was admitted to the bar in 1890. "I read," he says, "in various chambers, practised almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroughly. Fortunately my father was not in a position to require his son to make money."

Galsworthy then traveled for several years, visiting among other places Russia, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and South Africa. In Capetown he met Joseph Conrad, then a sailor. In 1899, being then thirty-two years of age, he published his first novel. "The Silver Box," his first play, was written in 1906.

ANDRÉ TRIDON.

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The Real Story of "Bunty"

(*Continued from page* 152)

lecture. He said I could not serve two masters. I must choose between him and play acting. I chose play acting. I did not tell my mother I had lost my place, but that very night I got a job with a touring company, which was playing in town. There was a chap who wanted to go to London to take a much better part than the one he had, and the manager told him he could go if he would find a man to take his place. He came to me and asked me to take it. I went to see the manager and got the job, and played the part for the length of the engagement, living at home all the time, and not telling mother a thing about it.

"When the company left town, I went, too. I was afraid to tell my mother, and so I ran away and wrote to her. She was terribly upset. Eight years later I came to Dundee at the head of my own company; my mother came to see me act for the first time in her life. When she came 'round to my dressing-room afterwards she said she had enjoyed the play, but she didna' like the lassie that was playing my sweetheart, 'cause if she only had been a wee bit younger she could ha' done far better hersel'.

"When 'Bunty' made such a big hit at the Haymarket, she came to London for the first time and held a regular reception in the green room of the theatre, where all her family, many of them on the stage, surrounded her, and she told them, with tears in her eyes, of the scenes called to her mind by the play. It all came back to her, for 'Bunty' is full of her bravery, her management, and her wise sayings and expressions. She goes to the theatre now two or three times a week, and enjoys it the more, for she realizes the stage is the work cut out for her family, and I think she is quite proud of it, too."

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On Tour with Ellen Terry

(Continued from page 165)

Never have I met with such consideration for others; she is never too tired or too hurried to be courteous. In Newburyport we were entertained for the afternoon at a most charming home. As a rule Miss Terry refuses all invitations, and goes directly to a hotel. She dislikes to inconvenience her hostess with what she calls her crankiness—the privilege of an hour's rest before her lecture and a cup of strong coffee and a cold roll just before leaving for the theatre. She realizes, too, her social instinct and dares not put herself in the way of a temptation to "visit," as she says, with the people she meets. She must save her voice and strength for the evening. If I were asked to give the most striking trait or characteristic of Ellen Terry, I should say, without hesitation, her intense love for, and belief in, people. She never loses a friend, and she is always expecting to meet a new one. She told me once that she never had known but one bad man, and she exclaimed: "Oh, the hundreds of good, splendid men and women I have found to call my friends—how well they have always treated me!" That is an interesting commentary on her attitude towards others.

At Newburyport, her invitation was so very cordial that she couldn't refuse. She explored the grounds, was enthusiastic over the old house and its furniture, spoke of the fact that she found her favorite soap in her room, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. Enthusiasm and unfailing appreciation are other marked characteristics.

That night after the lecture, we were unusually hurried. Bertha was desperate about packing numbers six and seven; Miss Terry wouldn't take off her costume, and insisted on talking to the admiring ladies who crowded around her dressing-room. At the last moment, when we were forcibly unwinding the yards of uncut *crêpe de chine*, which comprised her costume, she stopped short and said, "What shall I do for Annie?" "Who in the world is Annie?" I asked. "That very nice, kind maid at the house, who brought my coffee, and was so quiet and good to me. Shall I write her a note now, and send her a gift—some money?" suggesting a rather large sum.

"That is impossible, Miss Terry," I said, "send her a picture of yourself and sign it—you have no time for a note now." We compromised on a photograph and a smaller sum.

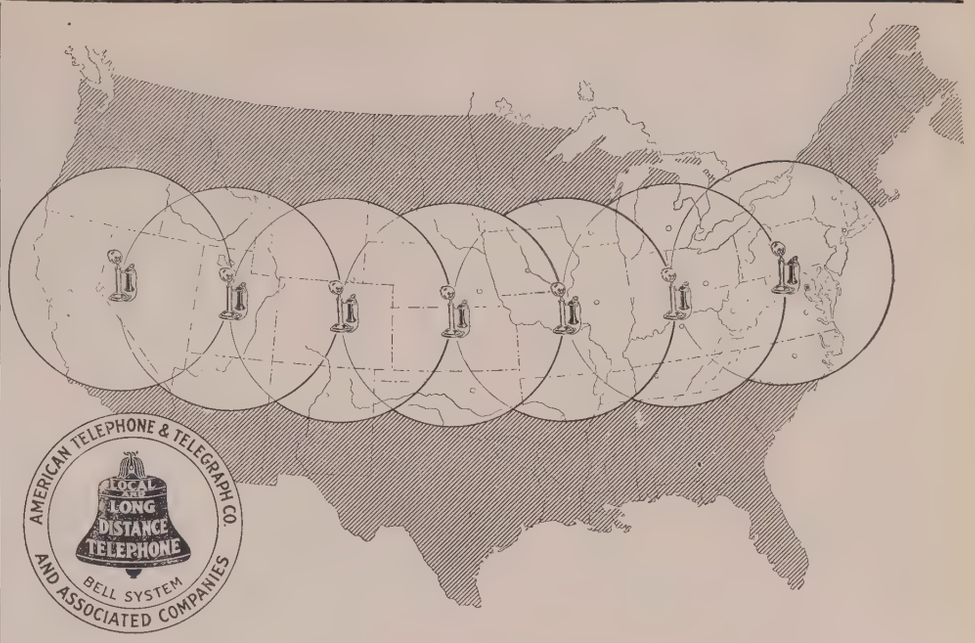
Her disregard of money was so marked that I soon decided that she was not to be trusted with the tipping. She passed around dollars as we would quarters, and when in doubt she tipped twice. In the same way her giving of alms was indiscriminate—she needed watching.

Always she spoke of Sir Henry Irving with the greatest admiration and respect. Their relationship and understanding was unusually beautiful, as anyone reading her reminiscences must know. Miss Terry feels that she owes, in a measure, her great success to her association with one whom she considers the greatest of actors and most indefatigable of workers. She told me that many a night he would rehearse his company for hours, oversee the stage settings, direct the electricians, and forget to dine or rest until, almost at the breaking point, he would return to the hotel only to study for hours. Dawn would remind him of breakfast and the return to the theatre. Miss Terry often spoke of his sense of justice and patience.

In our conversations we never touched on what so many people have called the estrangement between Miss Terry and Sir Henry. I fully believe that there never was any estrangement, certainly not from the silly cause sometimes given of jealousy on the part of his family. To me the most reasonable and natural solution is that Miss Terry, feeling no longer fitted to play the young Shakespearian heroines with Sir Henry, decided that she would have better opportunities in a company of her own, in rôles more suited to her years and personality.

Her lecture tour was successful from every point of view. She was received with affection and enthusiasm throughout the country, and just before leaving for England was presented with a medal by the founders of the New Theatre. My own association with this beautiful woman will always be one of the pleasantest memories of my life. Her sweetness, her charity, her consideration for others, her simplicity and modesty in spite of the adulation that has always been hers, make her a more completely charming woman than Shakespeare's most perfect heroine.

CARMEN CRITTENDEN MABIE.



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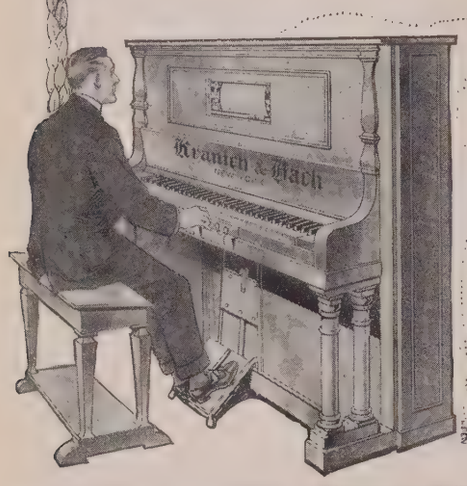

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Arabs on the American Stage

(*Continued from page 168*)

dom without this badge of honor. The Berbers are also responsible for the shoulder bags which have been so popular with women the past year. For the baggy trousers have no pockets, and each Berber carries a bag over his shoulder to hold what an American would put into his pockets.

To what the present vogue for Eastern plays is attributable is impossible to say. Such things go by cycles, and their movements are as unaccountable as the winds of heaven. But there can be no disputing the fact that this has been an Eastern year in the drama. The Hippodrome show is almost entirely given over to Eastern spectacles. "The Garden of Allah" is a story of the great desert. "The Arab" was an Eastern play, "Kismet" has Egypt for its locale, and we are promised a sequel to this interesting play. All of these plays demanded local color, and the people demand of a manager in these latter days the real thing in color. Hassan has been supplying this country with real Arabs and Berbers for years, and he only handles the real article, and, in fact, he has such strong influence in Morocco, by virtue of his high and sacred position, that it is next to impossible to get real Berber acrobats without going to him. The gentlemen who wanted the Berbers went to him, and he jumped on a steamer, let his beard grow, picked up his Arab vestment at Gibraltar, and, presto! Sie Hassan is himself again, Sie Hassan Ben Ali, Marabout.

When he came back two months later he had enough Arabs to start a miniature Morocco. For the Hippodrome he brought the Bobker Troupe of sixteen and the Beni Zoug Zoug Troupe of nine. They were all playing in Europe, and he had to postpone their "time" in consequence. Nearly all these men have played in this country before, and Barygo Tip, the youth with the bushy hair carefully divided into three sections, has played and danced all kinds of dances in the "Follies of 1907." Incidentally he is worth a little over $15,000 and speaks seven languages.

For "The Garden of Allah" Hassan brought over twenty-five Berbers, most of whom had never been outside their own country before. They do not have to perform and are not trained athletes like the other charges of this impressario of Arab acrobats. The other Berbers were distributed with "Kismet" and the two "Bohemian Girl" companies, which Sargent and Milton Aborn have on the road.

No other race has produced acrobats who can compare with the Berbers. They are naturally fitted for it. They are trained from the time they are eight years old and trained by a master, and they show no deleterious effects in after years. Most athletes and acrobats are doomed to short life, and most of them die of consumption or heart disease in one form or another. Not so the Berbers. Their constitutions are such, and the training is so perfect, that when their stage life is over they settle down to a happy, healthy and useful life and rear their children, who in turn are sent to the Hassan gymnasium, and in due course take their father's place in the troupes.

And when they get to this country their training and education are not only continued, but are increased, and here Hassan himself takes a hand. In Tangier the instruction has been in the hands of Hadj Nassar, a very old and wise-looking man, who seldom speaks except with his eyes or by gesture. He is a Shiek, poet, pilgrim and the best trainer of acrobats in the world. In Coney Island, where Hassan's hotel, Luna Villa, is situated, he not only drills the boys every day in their athletic exercises, but he has a school in English in the afternoon with prizes. An assiduous school commissioner once got after one of the boys, who was undersized, and tried to make him go to school. But Hassan took the school commissioner to the afternoon school, and proved to him that the training the boys got there is more beneficial to them than the public schools.

Before the boys come to this country, Hassan deposits with the parents a bond of $200 for their safety, and he has to give to the Moroccan Government a bond in like amount. He also engages to have the boys send a certain proportion of their salary each month to their parents in Morocco. Each boy gets a bank book and is instructed in American savings bank methods. Most of them save up a thousand dollars or more before going back to Morocco.

Hassan himself is a most interesting character. In his face one reads shrewdness and a great good nature, and these are his principal characteristics.

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(Continued from page 149)

all afternoon to get the woman playing Cleopatra and the man playing Marc Antony to say their combined three lines so that they could get them over the three rings. These "prologue" lines were:

Cleopatra to Antony, who has approached her throne, gallantly saluting her by removing his helmet: "Why do you invade my country?"

Antony rises in his chair, and his corps of Generals gather about him. Imbued with the spirit of ambitious Rome, the invincible commander replies:

"For the glory of my people!"

"Wherein lies your power to do this?" asks Cleopatra.

Trumpets sound in a dozen directions. The great armies of Rome appear in mighty phalanxes, banners flying, chariots rumbling, and the armor glistening in the sun—a triumph in circus—stage—lighting. This procession takes the place of the old-fashioned tournament, which always used to open the circus performance.

To show to what extent even a circus director will go when rehearsing a scene, in trying to get the man playing Antony to say his single line with the proper effect, Mr. Ringling, getting somewhat exasperated after hours of pounding away for the right inflection, suddenly called out to the player:

"Did you ever study United States history?"

"Certainly," replied the circus player.

"Do you remember how Ethan Allen took Fort Ticonderoga, and what he said when asked on whose authority he demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender?" continued Mr. Ringling.

"Yes, I remember," answered the circus Antony.

"Well, then," said Mr. Ringling, "how do you suppose he said, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress?' If he said it the way you are saying, 'For the glory of my people!' he would have been riddled with bullets Try it again, and think how Ethan Allen would have said it."

The performer did, and this time it "got over."

"That's it," complimented Mr. Ringling. "And, be sure to say it that way on the opening."

During all this time, over to one side of the mammoth stage for the "Cleopatra" spectacle, "Bud" Gorman was busy rehearsing the stage hands, property men, and electricians in getting ready the wonderful stage devices for reproducing sandstorms on the desert—for even "The Garden of Allah" hasn't got anything on the circus this year—earthquakes, mirages, falling temples, fires and volcanoes—putting one over on "The Bird of Paradise!" And, up in the balcony the circus band, looking incongruous enough in civilian dress, with derby hats, fedora hats, caps, and every other style of headgear, was being rehearsed in the score of the spectacle by Faltis Effendi, the late bandmaster of the Khedive of Egypt, who was especially engaged to arrange the score and write the incidental music, and to come here to lead the band, because of his familiarity with the legends, the music and the spirit of Egypt of old. And, upstairs in the concert room of the Garden, Ottokar Bartik, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, as ballet master, was rehearsing three hundred girls in a great ballet of Ancient Egypt, showing the superb pageantry and ensembles of the Egyptian Court of 2,000 years ago.

The arena itself being cleared of the other acts, the elephants now come in for rehearsal. To circus folk they are "bulls." And, if you want to feel at home on the tanbark, just cut out this paragraph and paste it in your hat, to refer to when talking to one of the circus people. First of all, the managing director of the circus—Mr. Alf T. Ringling, for instance—is called the *main guy*, from the main guy rope that supports the centre pole in the big top; the show ground, whether it be Madison Square Garden or not, is always the *lot;* the tents are always *tops;* the side-show is the *kid show;* the lecturers are *spielers* and *ballyhoos;* the men who sell peanuts and lemonade are *butchers;* farmers are *rubes, simps,* and *yaps;* the man who forgets his change at the ticket wagon is a *walkaway;* the dressing-room is the *pad-room,* from the days when pads were used on the circus horse's backs; a trunk is a *keester;* a suitcase is a *turkey;* all the women with the circus are *dames,* and circus literature is *soft stuff.*

They always clear the arena for the elephant rehearsals. Once last season, while the circus was on tour, one of the "bulls" broke loose in the "big top," and in less than a jiffy about half

(Continued on page xvii)

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Close of the Opera Season

(*Continued from page 145*)

concert event of the year occurred during this past month, namely the coming of Arthur Nikisch, famous conductor, who brought over the London Symphony Orchestra for a swift tournée of this broad land of ours. Nikisch, it will be recalled, was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for four years, but has not visited us in nearly twenty years. He is acknowledged the greatest concert conductor alive, hence the unusual stir about his coming.

To the eye Arthur Nikisch, magician of the baton, has grown older during his nineteen years of absence. To the ear he has grown greater, more mature, more poetic and more temperamental. His outward calm is a pose, for within he is temperamentally tumultuous. He is, without a doubt, the prince of concert conductors. He is the most magnetic personality on the platform to-day. Not alone does he hold his orchestra at the tip of his slender baton, but he has his audience hanging breathless on almost every phase that he draws from his players.

In a word, Nikisch is a sensation. He is the most picturesque conductor, his every movement being charged with meaning. There is no end to the variety of gestures he employs. And in all his conducting there is never a moment of conventional time beating.

The occasion was also the first time here of the London Symphony Orchestra, an able organization but not a notably excellent orchestra. The strings are good, the tympani player is a wonder, flute and oboe are both excellent, trombones and horns are good—in brief, it is an acceptable, well-routined orchestra. But the orchestra itself lost significance the other night, for it became simply an instrument for Nikisch to play upon.

And play upon it he did. He began with Beethoven's "Leonora" No. 3 Overture, in which both ruggedness and poetry were finely displayed and contrasted. Then came Brahms Monumental C Minor Symphony, which Nikisch so charged with interest and nuance that none could withhold admiration. The manner in which the last movement was conducted was simply astounding.

Next he led Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," as it has never been heard here, and the final number was that concert battle horse, the "Tannhaeuser" Overture, which was vivid with contrasts and marked by a tremendous sweep. The program showed Nikisch's versatility as well as his mastery. He is a great man, and the pity is that America does not control his services.

Another visiting orchestra was the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, led by Emil Oberhoffer, which came East for the first time and showed New York that Minneapolis had an orchestra, and reason to be proud of it.

Then the brave Boston Symphony came here and played like so many angels disguised as musicians. It was Max Fiedler's farewell, for this conductor leaves the organization this year.

And, finally, there was our own New York Symphony Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch, which gave a Brahms Festival of four concerts, playing Brahms music, so that new interest was awakened in this master's writings.

It has been an unusually active music season, but also an extraordinarily interesting one. Surely a complete record of it would make the European capitals raise their heads in wonder and admiration.

A Notable Work

M. B. Leavitt, who recently published "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management," has received this letter from Col. F. Alliston Brown, author of "A History of the New York Stage," etc.:

My dear Leavitt:

It is a wonderful, clever book, and worth the authorship of the best of them. In fact, I have read all of the so-called reminiscent books on the stage, and can conscientiously say that it is the best of them all. You cover a great deal of ground, and must have devoted a great deal of time and attention to it. No one knows better than I do what an amount of labor it requires to get out such a book, as I have published a history of the American stage, a history of the circus in America, history of the New York stage in three volumes, from 1748 to 1905, and a history of minstrelsy. But you cover them all, and have done noble work. I have read it nearly through, and the more I read the more interesting it becomes.

Yours fraternally,
COL. T. ALLISTON BROWN.

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MARGARET ILLINGTON

(Continued from page 143)

she was a hard, selfish, almost loveless little creature, full of vanity.

"Viewed in that light one detests her. No mind can find excuse for her theft from the friends under whose roof she is staying. But let her be a girl of deep feeling, one who idolizes her husband, and you have established sympathy for her. Charles Frohman thought so, and I thought he was right. I always think so, even if he were wrong. I shall always be deeply grateful to him, for he gave me my chance. More than once I have heard his words coming from the wings: 'All right, let her play it her way. She is right.' And Mr. Bellew was the same. He was most magnanimous."

Once, a little more than ten years ago, Hart Conway, the distinguished dramatic instructor, beamed his joy when this, his favorite pupil, won the diamond medal given by Joseph Jefferson to the most promising pupil of the school. All the dramatic critics of Chicago were the jury of awards, and their decision was unanimous. The girl, who was then known as Maud Light, the little unknown from Bloomington, gave six of the scenes from six Shakespearean plays better than any of the score of contestants. Thus she won the diamond medal. But a few years later she won another diamond medal, the approval of one of the most artistic of American managers. Watching her scene in Mme. Fochard's cellar A. M. Palmer said of the Henriette of his revival of "The Two Orphans":

"That girl will go far. She has sincerity and power."

For her dictum about emotional acting I was prepared by the echo of those words of the late manager.

"Acting a strong, emotional rôle, is feeling something deeply, and conveying that feeling to the audience," she said, simply.

"Do you think that comedy is more difficult than emotional acting?"

"It would be, I am sure, for me. Comedy requires infinite technique. I think I should distinguish between the classes of acting in this way: Emotional acting is a gift. The emotional actress is born. Comedy is technique. The comedienne acquires her art."

"Do you think emotional acting can be taught?"

"Very little, if at all. Certain rudiments of acting can be acquired that will furnish a foundation for any good sort of acting. But the power that flings itself across the footlights, and sweeps the audience from its emotional feet, is self-taught. It was so in my case. I owe much to dear Mr. Conway. But after that no one could help me. I had to help myself. In the sense of what was done for me, save the giving me a chance, after I was on the stage, I was self-taught.

"And this self-teaching, I think, consists in being two selves on the stage. One-half feels and acts, the other half stands back with finger of warning raised and watches. That is the critic in us. These should be of equal strength in us. But they are not in me. My feeling preponderates, and I push the critic into the background. That is a fault. I shall try to bring it more and more to the fore. For when these two are exactly equal in a performance the perfection of acting is reached.

"I know that Coquelin held that there must be no feeling in a performance, that reason must be the absolute guide. Irving held, as students of dramatic art know, the opposite view. I have worked out for myself the balancing of the two selves, the actress who portrays feeling, and the critic who guides, governs and admonishes it. That is the truth of acting for me."

"And the other two selves?" I queried.

The black brows lifted in inquiry.

"The actress and the woman, happiness as opposed to art?"

Then, almost as an echo, came from the American "Thief" the same sentiment I had heard from the French one:

"A woman has, first of all, a right to happiness in her home life. If the question of choice between this and the negative happiness that stage success brings, I shouldn't hesitate for a minute. No woman with a grain of sense will."

Miss Illington added to the spirited reply of the Frenchwoman: "A woman must be happy to do good work. There must be the background of a happy affection. From this a woman can go to her work, but she must come back to it. That is what makes an harmonious life.

The performance of Maggie Schultz was less than an hour off, and dinner waited. But she gave a moving portrayal of the tenement house wife that night.

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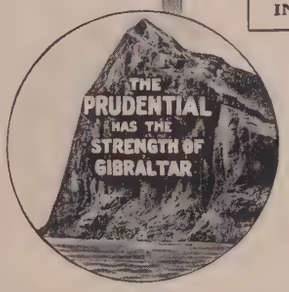

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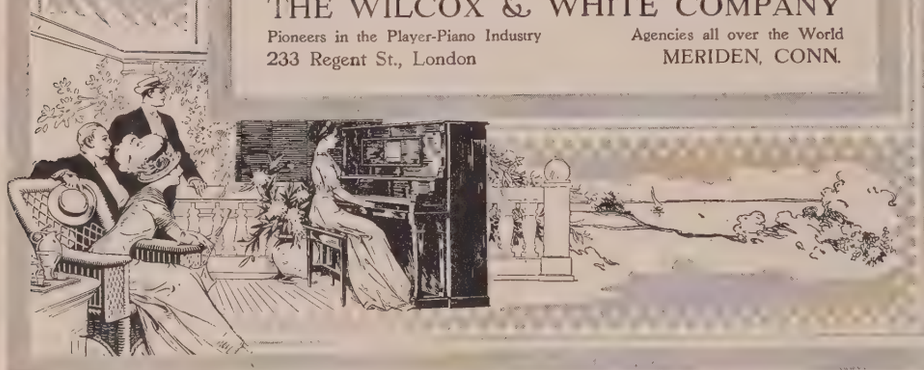

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The Eleventh Year (1911) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(*Continued from page* 140)

and the other, and neither way finally, that the average thinking layman, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said of Zimmerman's "Treatise on Solitude," that he respected the title and let the book alone, will care little for the subject matter of this play. The riddle is merely re-stated in other terms when one tries to decide which came first, man or woman? Under the circumstances of the age in which we are living, it is safest to assume that woman is the species, and man the variation. But Strindberg is a woman-hater, so he has solved the question to his own satisfaction by making man supreme. This question, together with his solution, he has presented in "The Father"; and the final impression, it must be said, is that Strindberg is more anxious to say something than to have something to say. Here is some kind of army captain, living some place or another, who is determined to rear his daughter, Bertha, in his own religious persuasion and general mode of thinking. The law of the land—which we may as well assume to be Sweden—upholds him in this. His wife, Laura, is equally determined that Bertha shall be brought up to her more conservative views. She realizes that if it can be made to appear that her husband, Adolph, is insane, the law will deprive him of all of his rights at the same time that his income will support her. She succeeds, in so far as she creates the suspicion that he is crazy; but investigation practically convinces his examiner that he is exceptionally well poised. She suddenly learns that if she can prove that her husband is not the father of the child, he will lose both right and moral inclination to dictate as to the child's education. Accordingly, she suggests this dark and insidious idea to her husband. She goads him on and on; and he responds until he is nearly out of his mind. He recalls situations in which paternity might have been fixed elsewhere. Suspicion becomes certainty; and finally he throws a lighted lamp at her, although it shivers to fragments against the doors, which she tantalizingly closes behind her. He tries to end it all by shooting his daughter; but the cartridges have been removed from his revolver. Everything is now in Laura's hands. The neighbors are satisfied that Adolph is mad; and he is bound in a strait-jacket. And the end is where a stroke of apoplexy mercifully places him in unconsciousness, from which he is not likely to awaken. It would seem that much that is dramatic could happen here. Much does. But as far as accomplishing anything goes, it is about as effectual as shooting fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. It demonstrates—for its own purposes—that modern women is a witch, capable of anything, fulfilling her function to the world by providing man with children, his sole hope of eternal life; it demonstrates that another word for matrimony is strife. And like all good dramatist reformers, Strindberg shows his condition, and invites his audience to provide the remedy.

Mr. Warner Oland, who played the part of Adolph, and faithfully and rightfully made up as Strindberg probably looked at Adolph's time of life, is a very pleasing actor; but while he did not "walk into" his part, but came on the stage full-grown, he did not make every touch pay in interest, make every line mean something about himself. The honors of the performance go to Louise Dempsey, who played the old nurse of Adolph. She lived it; and her tears and trembling voice reached out over the footlights, and tugged heartstrings, more than once. Rosalind Ivan, as Laura, was a veritable snake, which is to her credit here. She conveyed the idea of indomitable woman quite satisfactorily. Harry Dodd, as the pastor, was benevolent and shrewd, and stayed well within the picture. Nöjd, a soldier, did not have much to do, but Frederic Burt did him passable justice.

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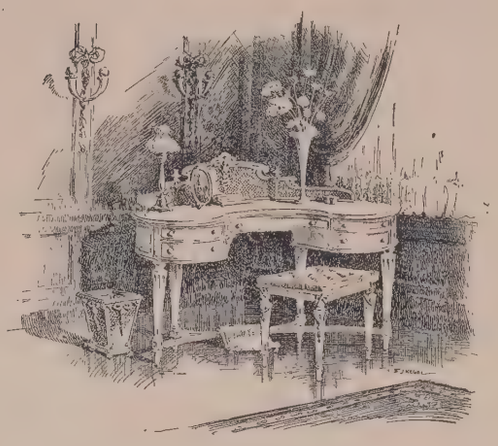

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The Theatre Magazine Co., 8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

The beautiful American heiress comes to the old place of business of Cook's Tourist Agency, in Paris, from which the signs have not been removed, although it is now a dining-room, and is taken in hand by a French Prince, who sees his opportunities for an adventure in offering to personally conduct her, with her father and mother, on a tour which includes Naples. He does not reveal his name and title, and she is being annoyed by the attentions of an English Lord who is not to her liking. It is obvious at once what the outcome will be, but the incidents are interesting, and the output of songs and dances is abundant. Miss Stella Hoban, the American heiress, has a very pretty song with Walter Percival, the Prince, that is rapturous. One of the songs had the assistance of the Bell family (Mexican bell-ringers), the scenery of the locality being exceptionally beautiful. The comedian is Fred Walton, who, amusing with no great opportunity, contributed his best with his toy-soldier chorus. Estelle Pendleton does some distinctive dancing.

COHAN THEATRE. "THE WALL STREET GIRL." Musical play in three acts, with book by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selyn, lyrics by Hapgood Burt and music by Karl Hoschna. Produced on April 15 with the following cast:

James Green, Harry Gilfoil; John Chester, Charles Winninger; Dexter Barton, William P. Carleton; Bertie Longman, Clarence Oliver; Rev. Dr. Leonard, Paul Porter; Jordan, Cyril Ring; Pinch, Charles Silber; Walker, Jack Wellekens; Simons, Ralph Shipman; Harris, William Bourn; West, Robert Thurston; Mrs. Williams, Maude Knowlton; Pearl Williams, Florence Shirley; Lawrence O'Connor, Wellington Cross; Sunshine Reilly, Lois Josephine; Glen Underwood, Helene French; Rosie Dale, Ivy Paget; Grace Sinclair, Catherine Hurst; Edythe Torrant, Helen Turner, Mazie Blackburn, Kathryn Sainpolis; Trixie Allen, Cleo Le Moyne; Jemina Greene, Blanche Ring.

With the approach of warm weather we get the typical summer show, and in this kind of entertainment Miss Blanche Ring specializes with considerable success. "The Wall Street Girl," from the expert pen of Margaret Mayo, fits her personality well, and provides this popular comedienne with a vehicle which should last her for some time. Miss Ring is seen as Jemina Greene, a young person with a loud checked suit and a leaning in favor of the stern sex, who starts out to make things hum in the financial district. While in Wall Street she becomes attached to a Western man named Dexter Barton, and goes halves with him on a mining scheme in Goldenrod, Nevada. The girl is warned against the enterprise, but everything turns out well, and with her profits she is able to save her father from financial trouble. Miss Ring has a number of capital songs, all of which made distinct hits. Some of these which will be remembered are: "Whistle It," "The Indian Rag," "Deedle-Dum-Dee," and "I Want a Regular Man." The star was assisted by an excellent company, of whom not the least popular was Will Rogers, who did most extraordinary lassoing feats.

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Victor Records

Mme. Matzenauer has been one of the sensations of the recent Metropolitan season, and her impersonations, especially in the Wagnerian rôles, have called forth universal praise from critics and public alike.

They are wonderful reproductions of one of the greatest voices ever heard in America, and should be in every collection of good records.

Die Walküre, *Fort denn eile,* Wagner; L'Africana, *Aria de Sonno,* Meyerbeer.

The Victor has added another famous virtuoso to its list of celebrated players—the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist. Since Elman's appearance, no new violinist has created such a stir on the Continent, in Great Britain and in America as has this youthful artist. Born at Rostoff on the Don in 1890, he began to study the violin at the age of eight, and at seventeen completed his musical education under Leopold Auer. His début at St. Petersburg was sensational, and his subsequent tours through Germany and England, and his present American tour have earned for him a place among the first violinists of the day.

Mr. Zimbalist's first numbers are most attractive ones, comprising the beautiful *Humoresque* of Tor Aulin, the well-known Norwegian composer and violinist, and two of Zimbalist's own compositions. These numbers exhibit admirably this young artist's superb beauty of tone, fine phrasing and graceful delivery.

Two numbers from a new Metropolitan Opera: Geraldine Farrar, *Le Donne Curiose,* Wolf-Ferrari; Geraldine Farrar and Herman Jadlowker, *Le Donne Curiose—Il cor uel contento,* Wolf-Ferrari.

Le Donne Curiose, or in English, *The Inquisitive Women,* has been one of the novelties of the recent New York season, and was so successful that it bids fair to become a fixture in the repertoire of the Metropolitan.

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(*Continued from page xi*)

of the band players had dropped their instruments and scrambled under seats or out of the tent. A stranger, who happened to be present, remarked to "Bud" Gorman, the equestrienne director:

"You can tell the old band players who have been with the circus for years. They remained in their seats, and kept right on playing."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. "Bud." "The old band players are the ones who scrambled under the seats for shelter. Those who remained, and kept on playing, are the new ones with the circus. They do not realize what a dangerous thing it is when an elephant breaks loose!"

Led by their trainer, Harry Mooney, "the elephant man," and his assistants, three herds of elephants are brought into the rings. Three of them are taken on to the track, where a miniature baseball diamond is layed out, and are rehearsed in the cleverest novelty ever thought out by the circus man—a baseball game! Now the circus has got one on the Nationals and the Americans, and there will be circus fans a-plenty. One of the ponderous "bulls" that they call "Baker," but who makes you think more of "Casey at the Bat," actually performs the feat of sliding to base! It took all winter at Bridgeport, and hour after hour at the Garden to get him to slide for the plate. He always wanted to roll all over the diamond instead. Before the circus pulled out of its winter quarters they had got "Baker" so that he would slide to the base, but when he got in the Garden on the tanbark he preferred rolling. So, they practically had to begin all over with him. The way they accomplished the feat of training the elephant to slide to base at rehearsals was unique. This particular "bull" had a liking for anything yellow, and the trainers tied a grape fruit to a string, and would drag it just ahead of him as he would run for the base. At the sight of the grape fruit rolling along towards the plate on the tanbark, the elephant would get down for it, and, since he was running, his own tonnage would propell him along on his haunches in a regular "slide, Kelly, slide."

All these little rehearsals are preliminary and independent; every performer who feels any doubt about his suppleness, or who wants to test the apparatus used in his act, is free to practice as much as he pleases during the early hours. Then, about two days before the opening, "Bud" Gorman calls a general rehearsal for all the acts in their order. This continues until everything is letter perfect, and on the night before the opening a dress rehearsal is called. But, a dress rehearsal of a circus is misleading. It is not a dress rehearsal like those of the theatre. The performers wear any old thing, but otherwise everything proceeds just as if it were a regular performance, and the seats are all filled with peanut-eating throngs. Rehearsal costumes are the index to the performers. The foreign performers are "frights." The Americans content themselves with the costumes and trappings handed out by the management, but not so with the tumbler, the aerialist, or the gymnast from abroad. To shine in the ring is their grand ambition. But their rehearsal costumes! The men wear their balbriggan underwear, their garters, and their socks, and the women anything that comes handy.

Lastly, on the day of the opening, a very important adjunct of the circus comes in for rehearsal. This is the "Butcher" squad. All of the men and boys who sell peanuts and pink lemonade are assigned their places by the "boss," and familiarize themselves with the location of exits and aisles, so that there won't be a hitch in their part of the performance.

Rehearsals en route come with the morning. Each act has a certain time, and a certain space allotted to it. And, with the breaking of the big show after the evening performance, and the loading of the 1,280 employees, 750 horses, 40 elephants, 20 acres of water-proof tents, 50 clowns, 400 artists, the giraffes, seals, lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, and all Nature's bipeds, quadrupeds, mammals, herbivorous and amphibious creatures from everywhere, and the 110 cages, into the 85 double-length cars, the circus may truly be said to be always in rehearsal.

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The Viennese opera, "The Doll Girl," the production of which Charles Frohman had to postpone this season because of illness, will be one of two musical pieces simultaneously brought out by Mr. Frohman next season, the other being "The Sunshine Girl." Both musical comedies will be produced in the manner of "The Siren" and "The Dollar Princess."

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Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Juliette Clarens in the bridal gown she wears as Suzanne Walter in "Bel Ami" at the Vaudeville. It is a Buzenet model in white liberty silk and chiffon. The train is over three yards long and is almost entirely covered by the net veil

New Parisian Spring and Summer Fashions

HAVE you noticed the odd cut of jackets this spring? Some are longer in the front, and others measure considerably more in the back length. Then again the increase in length may be at the sides of the jacket.

The other day I particularly noticed the costume of a well-known society woman, who has just returned from Paris with a lot of charming gowns. It was a handsome suit, combining blue serge and black satin, the favorite French combination, the striking feature of which was the jacket. This was belted and reached to within a few inches of the foot of the skirt in the front, and the back measured only about fourteen inches below the waistline. It recalled the old-fashioned redingote, and with the present backward trend of fashion to days of yore we will, perhaps, accept this revival of the polonaise redingote

The various historical periods play a prominent rôle in fashion's realm just now, and present indications point to a strong Victorian influence. This accounts for the popularity of flounces in the new lingerie dresses and, by the way, it is now the correct thing to relieve these white frocks with a color. This is accomplished by the girdle or sash, but quite often it is in the form of the scarf tunic, as illustrated. This can be of delicately tinted floral chiffon or net and, as here shown, the bugle fringe may be finished off with tiny pendant flowers.

The newest fancy in lingerie dresses is the use of net lace flounces, and the plain foot band of last summer is now replaced by a narrow frill of plain net.

Isn't it surprising what a strong and lasting effect England's festivities have upon fashions? First there was the coronation, which introduced the rich East Indian style, and now the Durbar visit has strengthened the influence, which is apparent in the draperies, the sheer fabrics, the lavish use of beadings and embroideries, the exquisite, harmonious blending of colors, and, above all, the natural figure, which, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, still governs fashions in Paris.

The leading couturiers follow these Oriental types in all their productions, and, naturally, we fall right in line and accept their ultimatum, and hence it is that we are now surrounded by Orientalism galore.

Mentioning the influence of East Indian styles reminds me—of course, you have seen the Durbar turban of tulle that has recently come to us from Paris? But do you know that these are now the accepted evening headdress, and will be worn at the summer resorts the coming season?

At Palm Beach this swathing headgear was very popular, and effectually superseded the hat that was formerly considered smart with evening toilettes.

Photos by Manuel
A striking model by Margaine-Lacroix in black satin brocade and white applique lace

Photo by Talbot
Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat in a lovely gown she wears in "Bel Ami" at the Vaudeville. It is by Doucet in white and cerise liberty, veiled with cream mousseline and lace

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Photo by Talbot
A beautiful gown of black liberty and silver beaded tulle. Model by Buzenet

These tulle turbans especially carry out the prevailing Oriental idea, and a few of these should find their way into every trunk that leaves town this summer. They are also pretty made up of the gold nets. As a variation one of the new silvered plumes may be substituted for the aigrette. These silvered plumes go well with the silver nets, and the grays are very effective, while the silvered pink plumes are decidedly pretty.

A beautiful turban of cream tulle, noticed at the theatre recently, had a "butterfly" of fine creamy lace at the front, and a large jewel at the centre formed the body of the insect.

Mentioning chapeaux recalls a beautiful hat that I saw last week at a milliner's exhibit at the hotel. It is now the property of one of our favorite actresses, but the milliner assures me that it can be duplicated at $35. It was a leghorn overlaid with the daintiest flowered silk chiffon, and it most charmingly carried out the new combination of feathers and flowers. The long French plume, fastened to the right side of the crown, had sprays of heather along the centre stem, the dainty little pink bells forming a charming combination with the pink flues of the plume. The same blossoms formed a trailing vine near the edge of the upper brim.

Another new idea in millinery has just come over from Paris. It is the placing of a small cluster of flowers at the very edge of an upward rolling brim and at the upper edge of the crown.

Another new Parisian idea in millinery is the combination of fruits and flowers. Mlle. Jeanne Loury, the popular French actress, wears a becoming hat trimmed thus in "Le Coeur dispose." The flowers are arranged in the upright fashion, now in vogue, while the fruit falls gracefully over the upward turned brim.

Mlle. Loury also shows a new and novel arrangement of the aigrette that is now a popular adjunct of the stylish coiffure.

Mentioning the stage reminds me of a call I made upon one of our prominent actresses the other day. I am not at liberty to mention her name. While she is a most charming an obliging woman, she does not feel that her private wardrobe will interest the public, but I know it will, and so I am going to tell you about her new sea coat. (You know the new name for bathing suits is "sea clothes.") It is a long coat of natural crash, made up in the long, narrow, fashionable lines. The emerald-green silk lining extends at the edges to form a double fold, which gives the exquisite coat a pleasing finish. Near the edge of the garment, at regular intervals, is a row of large discs tinted in blue, and, to make the design continuous, there is a long geometrical pattern, tinted in green. All along this design, which forms a unique border, are imitation emeralds in various sizes. Drops of the same jewels, tastefully applied, still further enhance the novelty of the coat.

From the description you will perceive that it is right in line with the present Oriental demand in fashion, and this is emphasized by the turban-shaped bathing cap, embellished to match the coat. To complete the set there is a sunshade matching in material and trimming.

The lady confided to me that a friend had just brought it over from France, but listen! Now here's a secret! I saw a set in one of our Fifth Avenue shops, the other day, that so closely resem-

Photo by Talbot
A lovely evening gown by Buzenet of white liberty silk, veiled with white embroidered net, which in turn is partly covered by gold-embroidered black chiffon

bles this one that it might be a copy of the model.

The actress received me in her boudoir, as I made a morning call. She looked charming in one of those lovely lacey negligées that have just come out. It was made up of exquisitely embroidered net in the semi-fitted style, and fell in graceful, unbroken lines from the shoulder to the hem. The extremely deep collar was edged with a frill, and three tiny frills made a neat finish at the foot of the garment. She wore this over a slip of coral crêpe-de-chine, but she has several slips in various colors and materials. And that this favorite of the footlights has a vein of economy is apparent from the remark, "You see, these robes are really very practical. When soiled they are so easily laundered and look just like new. And then the tub silk slips," of which she has several, "are preferable for the same reason."

Right here I might call your attention to the beautiful lingerie negligées that are this season's new offering. I have seen some beautiful models—one in white marquisette had bandings of filet lace. Another one in Princess lace, made up in simple coat style, was extremely elegant.

A particularly dainty one was made up of two deep flouncings of embroidered batiste, and the bodice portion combined Valenciennes lace.

An exquisite negligée in the wardrobe of my hostess was of satin-striped pink chiffon, in a very delicate shading, worn over a very pale pink chiffon slip. The bodice and sleeves were of rich, creamy lace, against which the pink rosettes looked charming.

I particularly admired the pink satin mules encasing the feet of the little lady and, to my surprise, she informed me that a Broadway firm makes these to order. Those she wore were exquisitely embroidered in a tiny raised rose surrounded by a cluster of forget-me-nots. She displayed several others, some ribbon-trimmed, and others finished with a simple cord, and she explained that all you have to do is to select your color and design and the firm will, in due time, deliver the mules just as ordered. She said she had been fortunate in finding some of the vamps in stock, all ready to be made up to measure.

Through the open portière I noticed, thrown over a chair in the adjoining room, the loveliest night-dress in delicate pink crêpe-de-chine, elaborately trimmed with handsome creamy Cluny lace and rosettes of ribbon. It was a beauty, and the actress confided to me that she had, "Adopted the crêpe-de-chine underwear, too, because it is so soft and clinging, and washes beautifully." And then she exclaimed, "Why, I think all women will soon adopt these luxurious garments." And I firmly agree with her. I notice all the shops are displaying crêpe-de-chine nightdresses, combinations and princess slips in increasing numbers, and they are certainly very beautiful. Pink

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The coat shown in the illustration is a Callot model of black charmeuse and is lined with gold colored satin. This gracefully draped wrap is characteristic of the many smart models displayed in the coat department.

The leghorn hat is a new creation by Jeanne Lanvin, designed with snug fitting inner cap of shadow lace, which is effective in holding the coiffure in place.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET

NEW YORK

seems to be the favorite color, and in trimmings the Cluny, Irish and Valenciennes laces share favor about equally.

And now just one more allusion to my hostess—I know this will interest you. During my call a parcel was delivered, and I wish the sender could have witnessed the delight and appreciation of the recipient as I did. And it surely was justified. It was a most exquisite white ostrich fan mounted on a real tortoise frame. "You know these fans are so fashionable now," exclaimed the delighted woman, "and I am so glad to have it." As she waved it gracefully, we were both astonished to see a tiny bit of cardboard flutter from between the sticks, and she laughingly glanced at it and then, with a frown, remarked, "How stupid of the shopkeeper!" The little tag read $45, which surprised me, as I had noticed one in a prominent shop only the day before that was just a trifle smaller but otherwise a fac-simile, and the price was only $28.

Photo by Schneider
A LOVELY HAT IN BLACK STRAW AND VELVET, EDGED AND TRIMMED WITH WHITE OSTRICH

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

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are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs. **101 Franklin St., NEW YORK**

Founded 1826

Cold Storage of Furs

Perfect Storage—Moderate Charges

Years of Continuous Cold Storage have proven the superiority of the System over all others.

Our Cold Storage Plant

Is on our premises in charge of expert and practical furriers, and is modern in every detail that would aid in the preservation and protection of furs.

Our storage rooms are dust proof, secure against moths, and the odors of moth preventives are avoided.

Cleaning

Articles stored are first cleaned by vacuum or compressed air. Minor rips in furs will be sewed, and all fur collars cleaned free of charge.

Repairing

We are particularly well equipped for repairing and remodelling fine furs at special prices during the Summer months.

Lord & Taylor

NEW YORK

"Shoe Elegance," so essential to the well-gowned woman, is assured by the use of

Largest in Variety **Whittemore's Shoe Polishes** Finest in Quality

THE ONLY perfect preparation for cleansing and polishing Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes of ALL kinds and colors

THEY BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE THE LEATHER

Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky

"Gilt Edge"

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes,

the only black dressing that positively contains OIL. Softens and preserves. Imparts a beautiful lustre. Largest quantity, finest quality. In use saves time, labor and brushes, as it SHINES WITHOUT BRUSHING. Always ready to use. Price 25 cents.

"French Gloss," a smaller package, 10c.

Liquid Suede Dressings

For cleansing and recoloring all kinds and colors of suede and ooze leather footwear, also buck and castor. Put up in all colors. Also in powder form (all colors). No waiting for shoes to dry. No matting down of the nap. In sitting top cans.

We recommend for BLACK suede shoes the liquid; for ALL other colors the powders. Either kind, 25c.

"Dandy"

Russet Combination. For Cleansing and Polishing Russet, Tan or Yellow Colored Boots and Shoes.

A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size, 25 cents.

"Star" Russet Combination same as **"Dandy,"** smaller size. Price 10 cents.

Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Gun Metal, Green and Blue leather shoes. *Same sizes and prices.*

Dirty Canvas Shoes

Made perfectly **clean** and **white** by using Whittemore's **"Quick White"** Compound. In liquid form, so can be **quickly** and **easily** applied. **No** white dust. Will **not** rub off. A sponge in every package, so always **ready** for use.

Each Color in Two Sizes, 10 and 25 cents

Also the following colors for **Canvas** Shoes: Blue Pink, Tan, Gray and a dozen other shades.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

MRS. ADAIR

GANESH TOILET PREPARATIONS

and FACIAL TREATMENTS, obtainable for years only at her Salons in New York, London, Paris and Nice, are the antithesis of "make-up," as they reach the CAUSE of all blemishes and re-establish by natural means a healthy complexion, sparkling eyes and a youthful contour.

TIRED EYE TREATMENT restores tired, lined, discolored eyes to proper smoothness and fulness. $3.50. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR TREATMENT by antiseptic Electrolysis is almost painless. $2.50. HYGIENIC FACIAL MASSAGE, including the Strapping Muscle Treatment, restores lined, withered skins to velvety smoothness. $2.50.

THIS PHOTO PORTRAYS THE GANESH CHIN STRAP ($5.00, $6.50) which removes double chin and restores lost contour, and the **GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP ($4.00, $5.00)** which cures deep lines between brows, corners of eyes and over forehead

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

for all Preparations and appliances on receipt of cheque

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL braces sagging muscles, fills hollows and removes wrinkles. Bottle, **$5.00, $2.50, $1.00.**

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC, a splendid face wash, strengthens the skin; closes pores and alleviates skin flabbiness and puffiness under the eyes. Bottle, **$5.00, $2.00, 75c.**

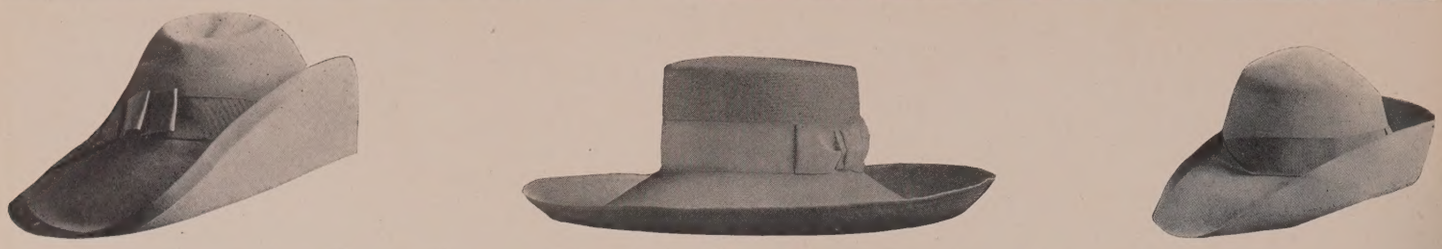
GANESH EASTERN BALM SKIN FOOD for tender, dry skins **3.00, $1.50, 75c.**

WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK

containing list of all GANESH Preparations and Treatments and much beauty information and advice.

NEW YORK, 21 West 38th Street, Phone, 3475 Murray Hill

LONDON, 92 New Bond St., W. **PARIS,** 5 Rue Cambon. **NICE,** 1 Rue Chauvain.



New Hats for Spring and Summer Outdoor Sports shown by A. D. Burgesser & Co.

ful and natural rouge, which can be used for cheeks, lips or nails. This cream not alone improves the appearance, but actually benefits the complexion and protects it from the elements. One cannot detect the slightest trace of make-up after using, and it will not rub off; in fact, can only be removed with the aid of cold cream. It gives the skin that soft, velvety appearance so desirable, and has a faint, illusive odor.

The rouge is wonderfully natural, blending in with the flesh tints, so as to be utterly indetectable. This, too, can only be removed with cream. Never have I seen a more unusual array of toilet preparations. The box contains full directions for use, and will at once win favor with women who wish to obtain, or retain, their beauty.

Slenderness, sinuous lines and flexibility are the ideal of every woman, whether she be old or young. The woman of the willowy figure retains her youthful appearance long after her more "pudgy" sister has resigned herself to the inevitable book and cup of tea. Many stout people waste time and money with futile, and often dangerous, experiments for the reduction of flesh, when, by simply following the example of many of the leading professional people, they would not alone relieve themselves from the too much flesh, but also of any form of rheumatism or skin disease to which they might be subject.

It is an open secret that many of the celebrated beauties of the stage owe their youthful lines to the wearing of a special make of rubber garment. The firm responsible for the medicated rubber garments have received unsolicited testimony from many in proof of the efficacy of these garments, which, it goes without saying, are absolutely harmless, and not weakening in the slightest degree. Reduction can be effected anywhere desired without reducing elsewhere, for one may secure just such garments as are suited to your particular needs.

The union suit for the reduction of the entire body is made with short or long sleeves, and to the ankles or knees. The long jacket is effective where one wishes to reduce the bust, hips, back and abdomen. This is also made with short or long sleeves The Eton jacket is for reducing the bust and upper part of the body, while the girdle pants reduce the limbs, hips, abdomen and waist. The hip belt many women find effective in reducing the hips and abdomen, and may be had in twelve-inch length for $12.

The corsage for reducing the bust, waist and hips can be made to suit any figure with high or low bust, long or short hips, for $20. When one wishes to remove a double chin, the neck and chin band will be found effective. This sells for $3. The chin band alone is $2. The garments are highly recommended by physicians to all who wish to reduce their weight and still suffer no ill effect or discomforts. Advice is given, and all correspondence is treated confidently by the head of the firm.

A wonderfully clever man he is who invented the permanent hair wave, the use of which not alone saves the hair from the injury caused by the many times curling process, but also the discomfort of knowing when encountering damp weather that one's hair is straight and unbecomingly lank. A thoroughly scientific and harmless process this is, which merely cleans the hair of a bacterial growth, the presence of which causes it to grow straight instead of more or less wavy. If the hair waved by this process should show a tendency to become straight, it is because it has become dirty and greasy, and a good shampoo will bring back the soft waves which are so becoming to every woman. For those who cannot visit the establishment, a home outfit has been arranged, and directions are sent for its use.

An interesting and instructive booklet is mailed upon request.

Dolls have become a fad as ornaments nowadays, and are often disguised as a pincushion, a hatpin holder, a tea cosey, and so on, but the other day was the first time I have seen one do service as a perfume case. This doll is about nine inches high and is attired in a chintz pattern (which is a very recent style note) silk dress, set off with a gold lace fichu. Her china head is covered with a quaint little Quaker bonnet, and over her arm, also of china, is suspended a tiny silk reticule in keeping with the rest of her attire. The bottle, which contains two ounces of Lubin's most delicious extract, has a neck that fits underneath into the band of the doll's skirt. These little

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, New York

The "Parfait"

Washable Silk Shirt

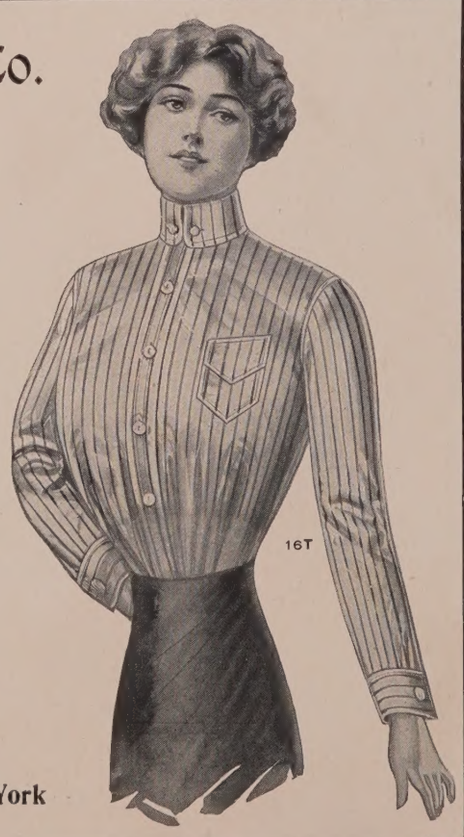
For Women and Misses

"Parfait" Washable Silk Shirt

No. 16T. Mannish Model, Superior Quality Silk in white with lavender, blue or black stripes; also in plain white or plain black. French turned-back cuffs and detachable collar. Sizes 32 to 44 bust.

SPECIAL **3.95** Value $5.75

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York



KLEINERT'S Dress Shields are a *perfect* shield against dress damage by perspiration.

The choice of the best dress-makers *for thirty years*. Kleinert's Dress Shields can be washed in *hot* water (to remove germs and odor) and ironed back to perfect newness.

*If the name "Kleinert" is not on the shield, it **isn't** a Kleinert—The **Guaranteed** Shield.*

Write for our Dress Shield Book "T"

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.
721-723-725-727 Broadway
New York

GRAY HAIR OVERCOME WITHOUT DYE AND HARM. Giving the scalp new vigor, VEDAHUWA restores faded or gray hair to its natural color, increases its growth, makes it soft and glossy. $1.00 a bottle, sent prepaid in plain wrapper. **SALES AGENTS WANTED.** Booklet and special offer free.

THE VEDAHUWA COMPANY, 18 West 34th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Great Singers Use

Brown's Bronchial Troches to keep their voices clear and to relieve the strained vocal cords. When you have a cough, hoarseness, irritation or soreness of the throat, you will find

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

instantly beneficial. You can use them freely with perfect safety. They contain no opiates or harmful drugs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been used for over half a century and are the only effective, convenient remedy. The box easily slips into purse or vest pocket.

Sold everywhere in boxes—never in bulk. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a box.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON - BOSTON, MASS.

The World's
GREATEST SILK STORE
Fourth Avenue at 24th Street

WE offer you the opportunity to buy fashionable silks by the yard, at our Wholesale Silk Store at mill-to-consumer prices. This is the first Spring you have had this privilege. Not until you come and compare will you realize the amazing savings this means to YOU. And not until you review our endless varieties will you fully appreciate the inspiring fashion possibilities of silk. Don't buy any more silks until you come and compare.

To the woman who is not within shopping distance of New York, we recommend the store in her locality that advertises R. & T. Silks. It is the store for silks of *advanced* style and *utmost* value. If there is no such store there, we will supply you direct,

Mills to Consumer GENUINE R&T SILKS *Looms to Wearer*

ROGERS THOMPSON GIVERNAUD CO.
Fourth Avenue at 24th Street - - New York

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES

An out of the ordinary smoke of splendid flavor and fragrance. The skill manifested in blending the mellow tobacco has given them a decided distinctiveness and character.

An inexpensive package makes possible ten additional cigarettes.

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt pennant of Colleges, Universities and Fraternal Orders (12x32) —selection of 115.

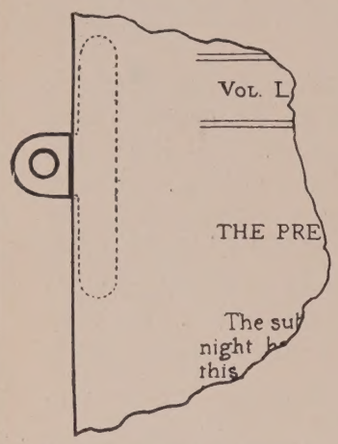
20 for 15 cents

"Distinctively Individual"

Keep your Magazines in Good Condition

THE only practical binder on the market. It is the only binder made that has the appearance of a regular bound book.

No punching of holes necessary; all that is required is a slight slit between the pages with a pen knife.



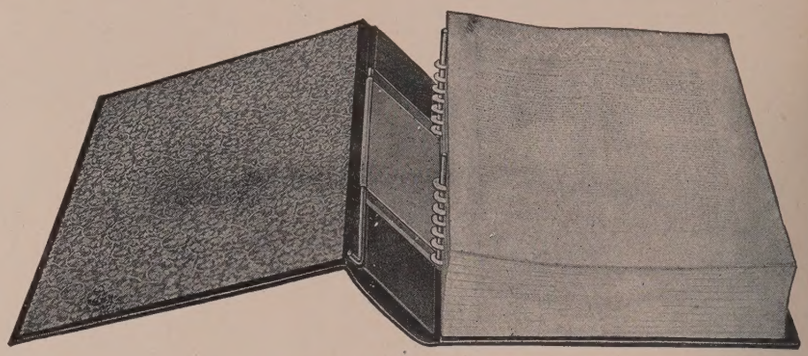
Illustrating the metal clip inserted between pages

Cloth Covers, name of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE stamped on the front and on the back.

Until the BIG BEN BINDER came upon the market we could not recommend any such an appliance to our readers, as all others were cumbersome, intricate and unsatisfactory.

THE BIG BEN BINDER

AT LAST, A SIMPLE AND SATISFACTORY



Illustrating simple method in binding

Each Binder Holds One Volume or Six Numbers of Theatre Magazine

Single Binder - $1.25 prepaid *Two Binders - $2.25 prepaid*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE - - 8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York

The woman who knows the importance of dress and whose taste is above the commonplace will find in the fashions of Vogue just that nice touch of individuality which distinguishes the faultlessly gowned woman.

IN every number of Vogue there are pages of the season's veritable models designed by the best couturiers of Paris. The salient merit of Vogue models is their timeliness. No sooner is a new cut in skirt, sleeve or bodice launched by the great French houses than it is noted by Vogue.

Eliminating the passing caprice—the merely odd and eccentric—as being unprofitable fads of the moment, Vogue garners the most approved models and presents them to its readers.

Hence, long before a model has reached the "popular" stage, the woman who depends upon Vogue for her gowning has secured it, worn it in the first season of its triumph, and is ready to discard it when finally it finds favor with the masses.

A Vogue-gowned woman never finds herself in the suddenly embarrassing position of trailing behind the mode. She leads the fashion—she never follows it.

In the Six Months to Come—

Vogue will publish a series of special issues, every one of which will keenly interest the woman who wishes to dress well and to know the fashions weeks before they are generally adopted:

Spring and Summer Fashions	April 15	Hot Weather Fashions	July 15
Brides'	May 1	Vacation	August 1
European	May 15	Children's	August 15
Summer Homes	June 1	Autumn Millinery	Sept. 1
Outing Fashions	June 15	Forecast of Autumn Fashions	Sept. 15
Travel	July 1	Autumn Dress Materials	Oct. 1

Get these numbers from your newsdealer (better order in advance as Vogue always sells out quickly)—or send this coupon with $2 direct to Vogue and receive the copies promptly on publication wherever you may be. Incidentally, your expenditure of $2 may save you $200—Vogue subscribers have saved as much as $400 and $500 by avoiding costly errors in the choice of their hats and gowns.

VOGUE, 443 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
For the enclosed $2 (Canadian address, $2.63; Foreign, $2.75), send me the next twelve issues of Vogue, beginning with the April 15th number.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

dolls make charming ornaments for the dressing table.

Another perfume bottle that attracted my attention has a jewel set in the centre of the front, and below this is the name of a month printed in colored enamel. Above the jewel, which is the birthstone for the month, is the corresponding zodiacal sign, also in colored enamel. It is probably unnecessary to state that this is known as anniversary perfume.

It is a neatly shaped two-ounce bottle with a prettily cut stopper, and the accompanying box is worthy of description. It is covered with hammered, oxidized sheet metal, and inside the cover is a printed horoscope for the month, corresponding with that shown upon the front of the bottle contained in the box.

Naturally, this anniversary perfume can be had in twelve different styles, each decorated with the name, the jewel and the zodiac sign of the month.

A specialty shop is making up some of the most fascinating lingerie blouses which, I am happy to relate, are surprisingly reasonable in price, considering the quality of material used and the beauty of design and workmanship. One of the new peplum models of all-over English embroidery, trimmed with lace bands, is priced at $1.95. Another at the same price is of French batiste with lapel-shaped inserts of Baby Irish lace and bands of Venise lace ornamenting the front of the waist, shoulders and sleeves, which are three-quarter or full length, as desired. Many other real lace-trimmed waists at equally attractive prices are found here, as well as natty wash-silk shirt waists of excellent quality as low as $2.95, usually sold for $4 and $5 apiece. An alluring night-robe was shown of fine nainsook, trimmed daintily with Val lace and real Irish medallions, for $1.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK